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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME XII.

—

TRAGEDIES.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
PERICLES.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. XII.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1862.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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Antony and Cleopatra occupies twenty-nine pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 340 to p. 368 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It is not divided into Acts and Scenes, and it is without a list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Tragedy is founded entirely upon the "Life of Marcus Antonius," in North's English translation of Plutarch, through the French version of Amyot. Closely as Shakespeare adhered to the same authority when he wrote *Julius Cæsar*, he followed it into still minuter details in selecting incidents for this great companion piece. Indeed, the tragedy is such a mere dramatization of the "Life," that to give in illustration from the latter all the passages which correspond to Scenes or speeches in the former, would be to reprint a large part of Plutarch's work. Daniel wrote a tragedy, *Cleopatra*, which was published in 1594, and the Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie*, which was translated from the French, appeared in 1595; but Shakespeare was in no way indebted to either.

Antony and Cleopatra was first printed in the folio of 1623, and with remarkable accuracy; the corruptions being, for the most part, minor errors of the press. It was entered for publication on the 20th May, 1608; and this entry is our only evidence as to the date of its production. It was probably brought out not long before.

The period of the action and the costume are matters of the commonest historical knowledge.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } Triumvirs.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *Friends of* Antony.

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *Friends to* Cæsar.

MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *Friends to* Pompey.
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæsar.

CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to* Antony.

SILIUS, *an Officer under* Ventidius.

EUPHRONIUS, *Ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *Attendants on* Cleopatra. *A* Soothsayer. *A* Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen *of* Egypt.

OCTAVIA, *Sister to* Cæsar, *and Wife to* Antony.

CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE: *in several parts of the* Roman Empire, *principally* Alexandria *in* Egypt, *and* Rome.

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THE TRAGEDY OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneags all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their trains;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's Fool: behold and see.

Cleopatra. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

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Antony. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heaven, new Earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: — the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance, — nay, and most like, —
You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony. —
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say? — Both? —
Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's Queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. — The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to wit
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

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Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEOP. *with their train.*

Demetrius. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Charmian. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's

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the soothsayer that you praised so to the Queen? O that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alexas. Soothsayer!

Soothsayer. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Enobarbus. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

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Sooth. You have seen, and prov'd a fairer former fortune,
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be, drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune. — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee: and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let

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worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do 't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden,
A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, *and* Attendants.

Messenger. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

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Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. — On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me. — 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news,) hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst ——
Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, —
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon. — Is there such an one?
2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

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Ant. Let him appear. —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. —

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Giving a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me. —
[*Exit* Messenger.
There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. — Ho! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die

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twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir! no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been bless'd withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; — and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the State Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

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Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part: for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too,
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son: who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you. — If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit* Alexas.

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Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; — the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest Queen, —
Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? — You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know, —
Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of Heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,

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And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. — Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advice: by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come. —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear;
And give true credence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target. — Still he mends;

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But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word
Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Cæsar's House.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, *and* Attendants.

Cæsar. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

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It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lepidus. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't; but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours, — 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

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Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is, was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,

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Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou did'st drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' th' field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian, —
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha! —
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch, Mardian —
Mardian. What's your Highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O, Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

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And burgonet of men. — He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. — Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony;
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee. —
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiss'd, — the last of many doubled kisses, —
This orient pearl: — his speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the East,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What! was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' th' year between th' extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

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Cleo. O well-divided disposition! — Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! — Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. — Ink and paper, Charmian. —
Welcome, my good Alexas. — Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O, that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. — My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, — cold in blood,
To say as I said then! — But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S House.

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

POMPEY.

IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Menecrates. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come t' th' full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Menas. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,

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Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness. —

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

Varrius. This is most certain, that I shall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough

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To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

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Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then —
Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' th' world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there

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Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,

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Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both deni'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

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Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mecænas. If it might please you, to enforce no farther
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore, speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So diff'ring in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world I would pursue it.

Agrippa. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts

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With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! — Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

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For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report:
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! — my honourable friend, Agrippa! —

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by 't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

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Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed, or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge

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A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

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Agr. Let us go. —
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in CÆSAR's House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them;* Attendants.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octavia. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady. —
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

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Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him. —
[*Exit* Soothsayer.
He shall to Parthia. — Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' th' East my pleasure lies. — O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. } *Agr.* } Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.

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Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. — Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now. —
Give me mine angle, — we'll to th' river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! y' are caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time, — O times!
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then, put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippian. —

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy? —
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam, —
Cleo. Antony's dead? —
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

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Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful, — so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis well;
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam, —
Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet!'
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

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Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' th' bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? — Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head.
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run. —
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. — Call.

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Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him. —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. — Come hither, sir.

Enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou did'st,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence:
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O that, his fault, should make a knave of thee,
That art but what thou'rt sure of. — Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,

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Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. Good your Highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now
Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! — 'Tis no matter. —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly. —
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go: — let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. — Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.
Bring me word how tall she is. — Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. — Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

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If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods. — I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

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Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Cæs.
Ant. That's our offer.
Lep.
Pom. Know then
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' th' East are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by 't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.

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Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —
Eno. No more of that: — he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand:
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee. —
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

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Cæs.
Ant. } Shew us the way, sir.
Lep.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers *and* Attendants.

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — [*To* ENO.] You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. Y'ave said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

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Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. 'Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII.

On Board POMPEY's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, *with a banquet.*

1 *Servant.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other* Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [*To* CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' th' Nile
By certain scales i' th' pyramid: they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

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Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, — and some wine! — A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon. — This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* MENAS, *aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I call'd for?

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Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.
Pom. [*Aside.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Walks aside*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say? —
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah! this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on 't. In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour,
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

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I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the* Attendant *who carries off* LEPIDUS.
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man: see'st not?
Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' th' time.
Cæs. Possess it; I'll make answer; but I had rather fast
From all four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANTONY.

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Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let 's ha't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands. —
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? — Pompey, good night. — Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night. —
Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir. Give 's your hand.
Pom. O Antony!

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You have my father's house. — But what? we are friends.
Come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed, you fall not. —
[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* Attendants.
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin. —
These drums! — these trumpets, flutes! what! —
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd! sound out! [*A flourish.*
Eno. Hoo, says 'a! — There's my cap.
Men. Hoo! — noble Captain! come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. — Bear the King's son's body
Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Silius. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,

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Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deeds acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆSAR's House.

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What! are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey: he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar; — go no farther.
Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — yet he loves Antony.
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, — hoo! —
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So, — [*Trumpets.*
This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

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Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No farther, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother! —

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,

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That stands upon the swell at th' full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?
[*Speaking aside with* AGRIPPA.

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go, [*Embracing.*
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewell.
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to. — Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good Majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? — Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious Majesty, —
Cleo. Did'st thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Did'st hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

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Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish! —
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'd'st on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shews a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't. — There's nothing in her yet. —
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? — Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round?
Mess. Round, even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so. —
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. A proper man.

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Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in ANTONY's House.

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. O my good lord!
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

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The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste:
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me — most weak, most weak —
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way: for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

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Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind [the one] the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murther'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught,
But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in CÆSAR's House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of it.
I' th' market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In th' habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

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Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being that, we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, *with a few* Attendants.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented

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The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often held unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her: he hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian King, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,

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And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars,
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounce 't against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

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Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply: —
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the Emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? — You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. — Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Canidius. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,

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Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare, yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails; Cæsar, none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat th' approaching Cæsar: but if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land. — Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be. — Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: we'll to our ship.

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Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis! — How now, worthy soldier!
Soldier. O, noble Emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let th' Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well. — Away!
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.
Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.
Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time 's with labour; and throws forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, *and* Others.

Cæs. Taurus!
Taurus. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way over the stage; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scarus. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

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Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yond' ribaudred nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;—
The brize upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed.
Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

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Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to bear me. — Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. — I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. — Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. — O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left

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Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now: —
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Eros *and* Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian, *and* Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear Queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam, —
Iras. Madam: O good Empress! —
Eros. Sir, sir, —
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes. — He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now — No matter.
Cleo. Ah! stand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, — sustain me: — O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

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Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O, my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit
The full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead. —
Some wine, within there, and our viands! — Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE X.

CÆSAR'S Camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and* Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony. —
Know you him?

Dolabella. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euphronius. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,

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Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To* THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyreus. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMAIN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being

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The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it. —
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' th' command of Cæsar: I dare him, therefore,
To lay his gay caparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' th' shew
Against a sworder. — I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

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Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? — See, my women! —
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.
Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.
Thyr. So. —
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he

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Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. — Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this. — In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

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Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there. — Ay, you kite! — Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cri'd "ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. — Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of — she here, what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony, —
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again. — The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —
[*Exeunt* Attend. *with* THYREUS.
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

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And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord, —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: —
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! — O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. —

Enter Attendants *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cri'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

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To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on 't. — Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of Hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes! begone! [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear! if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,

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Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy, too,
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in 't yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night. — Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my Queen;
There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* Attendants.

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Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge: and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and* Others.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,

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Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and* Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike; and cry, 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on. —
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. — Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
Thou, — and thou, — and thou: — you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

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Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't.
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,

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Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, *to their guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*

4 *Sold.* Peace! what noise!

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' th' air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

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4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace! I say. What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters!
Omnes. How now!
How now! do you hear this? [*Speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay; is 't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra; Charmian, *and* Others, *attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on: —
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. — Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

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Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: — false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help. Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. — Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm. —
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. — O love!
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see
A workman in 't. —

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains *and* Soldiers.

Captain. The morn is fair. — Good morrow, General.
All. Good morrow, General.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
So so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame; whate'er becomes of me,

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This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. — You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. — Adieu.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, *and* Soldiers
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony, — but now, — well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

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Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings:
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! — Dispatch, Eros! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and* Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa.
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his train.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade

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Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit* Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony!
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee? — No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

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SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and* Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and* Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the Queen know of our gests. — To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — Give me thy hand:

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o' th' world!
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand: —
Kiss it, my warrior: — he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters,
With brazen din, blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tambourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels *on their post.* *Enter* Enobarbus.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By th' second hour i' th' morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

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Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent. —
1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace!
Hark farther.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.
1 *Sold.* Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.
1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
2 *Sold.* Go we to him.
3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.
2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?
1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark! the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

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To th' court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body*

Scene X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with* Forces, *marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' th' fire, or i' th' air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our Foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. — Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven. — [Ascend we then]
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar *and his* Forces, *marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers

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Say, they know not, — they cannot tell; — look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.*

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. — Bid them all fly; be gone.

[*Exit* SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. — All come to this? — The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. —
What, Eros! Eros!

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Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.
'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon;
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't. — Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To th' monument!

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There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To th' monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was, 'Antony,'
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.—
To th' monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,

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Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost: she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. —
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. —

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"
Then, in the mid'st a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. — That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. — [*Exit* MARDIAN.]
Off, pluck off: —
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: — bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me a while. —
[*Exit* EROS.

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I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done. —
Eros! — I come, my Queen. — Eros! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros! Eros!

Enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; — less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then would'st kill me: do 't; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down

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His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: — [*Falls on his sword.*]
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My Queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

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A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. — How! not dead? not dead? —
The guard, ho! — O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.
Dercetas. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Diomedes. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

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Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us; and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.
[*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

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SCENE XIII.

The Same. A Monument.

Enter above, in a gallery, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome;
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it. —

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

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I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. —
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up. —
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools. — O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight.
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet Queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety. — O!
Cleo. They do not go together.

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Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye? — O, see, my women,
The crown o' th' Earth doth melt. — My lord! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady! —
Iras. Madam! —
Char. O, madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. — It were for me

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To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel: all's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out. — Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY'S *body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and* Others.

CÆSAR.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

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Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas.
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

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Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; — but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconcileable should divide
Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

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How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,

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Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
Y' are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

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Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[PROCULEIUS *and two of the* Guard *ascend the monument by a ladder, and, entering a window, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the* Guard *unbar and open the Gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the* Guard. *Exit* GALLUS.

Iras. Royal Queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen! —

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,

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And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say I would die.
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and* Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony: —
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye, —

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Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the Earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature, —
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra, —
Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods:
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

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Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —
Dol. Though he be honourable, —
Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.
Within. Make way there! — Cæsar!

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the Emperor, madam.
[Cleopatra *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus: my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' th' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

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Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. — Where's Seleucus?
Seleucus. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! — What! goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

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Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To* SELEUCUS.
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance. — Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

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Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear Queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his* Train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoken already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

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Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* Dol.] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore.
Iras. O, the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. —

Enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian? —
Shew me, my women, like a Queen: — go fetch
My best attires; — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. — Sirrah, Iras, go. —
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

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To play till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deni'd your Highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument [*Exit* Guard.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing in a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie, — as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty; — how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. — Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

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Cleo. Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown *sets down the basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the Devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' th' worm. [*Exit.*

Enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now, no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. —
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. — Methinks I hear
Antony call: I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!

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I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. — So, — have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian: — Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud; and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle. —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too. —
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay — [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

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Char. In this wild world? — So, fare thee well. —
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play —

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the Queen?
Char. Speak softly; wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent —
Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the asp.*
O, come; apace; dispatch: I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar: call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here? — Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Enter Cæsar, *and his* Train.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

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Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar!
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness! —
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these

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Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 7. "—— *reneags* all temper": — i. e., declines, sets aside, renounces. The original has "*reneges*," which orthography has been very generally retained, both here and in *King Lear*, Act II. Sc. 2, "Reneag, affirm," &c. Coleridge's suggestion that the word should be spelled *reneague* is supported by the following passage quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary* from Udal's New Testament: "Those that vaunted themselves by the glorious name of Israel, those he hath *reneagued* and put away from the inheritance of the promises made unto Israel." *Luke*, chap. i. At least this passage and the rhythm of the one under consideration seem to make it sure that the *g* was hard, and the second person singular, pres. indic., a dissyllable.

p. 8. "Where's Fulvia's *process*": — i. e., Fulvia's summons; 'process' being here used in its legal sense.

" "—— the world to *wit*": — i. e., of course, to know. The folio has "the world to *weet*," which has been retained in all editions hitherto, I believe. But *weet* is merely a phonographic spelling of 'wit,' *i* having had the sound of *e* in Shakespeare's time. So in Act II. Sc. 7, the folio has "*Spleets* what it speaks," for "Splits," &c.

p. 9. "—— *whose* every passion": — The folio, "*who* every passion," by an obvious misprint corrected in the folio of 1632.

" "*To-night we'll wander through the streets*": — This is one of the passages which shows how very closely

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Shakespeare followed the life of Marcus Antonius in North's Plutarch. "And sometime also, when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens windowes and their shops, and scold and brawle with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maide's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that often times Antonius bare away both markes and blowes." Ed. 1579, p. 983.

SCENE II.

p. 9. "*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer*": — The folio has, "*Enter Enobarbus*, Lamprius, *a Soothsayer*, Rannius, Lucilius, *Charmian, Iras, Martian the Eunuch, and Alexas*." If Lamprius, Rannius, and Lucilius were ever among the dramatis personæ of this play, their parts were struck out before it went to press. This stage direction contains the only vestige of them. There is a similar case in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1. See the Notes upon that Scene.

p. 10. "—— must *charge* his horns with garlands": — The folio, "must *change*," &c., which seems meaningless. The correction was made by Southerne in his copy of the fourth folio, and by Warburton.

" "—— *I love long life better than figs*": — Steevens says, "this is a proverbial expression," which seems likely; but I do not remember having met with it elsewhere.

p. 11. "Then, belike, *my children shall have no names*": — *Charmian's* previous acquaintance with men had not been in the way of marriage; and as her former fortune was fairer than that which was in store for her, her children would of course be illegitimate and nameless.

" "And *fertile* every wish": — The folio, "and *foretell* euery wish," which obvious misprint was left to be corrected by Warburton.

" "*Alexas, — come, his fortune*," &c.: — In the folio this passage is printed as a speech by Alexas, the compositor or the transcriber having mistaken the name for a prefix.

p. 12. "*Saw* you my lord?" — The folio, "*Save* you," &c., which was corrected in the next edition.

p. 13. "*Extended* Asia," &c.: — i. e., seized. So, "make an extent upon his house," &c., *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 2. See the Note upon that passage.

" "When our quick *minds* lie still": — With some hes-

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itation I adopt Warburton's reading, instead of the "quicke *windes*" of the folio. 'Winds,' however, cannot be the reading; and that it is a misspelling of 'wints' = "two furrows ploughed by the horses going to one end of the field and back again," (See Collier's Shakespeare, Ed. 1843.) I cannot believe.

p. 13. "From Sicyon, *ho*, the news?" — The folio here, as often elsewhere, prints 'ho' *how*.

p. 14. "—— *Ho!* Enobarbus": — The folio, "*How now* Enobarbus." But I agree with Capell and Mr. Dyce in believing 'now' to be an accidental interpolation. As to 'how,' see the preceding Note.

" "Under *a compelling occasion*": — It is almost superfluous to notice the misprint of the folio, "Vnder a compelling *an* occasion."

p. 16. "And get her *leave* to part": — The folio, "her loue" — a manifest misprint, which Pope corrected.

" "Which, like *the courser's hair, hath yet but life*": — An allusion to the fact that a horse hair if soaked for a long time in water will move with a serpentine action.

" "—— *Say, our pleasure,*" &c.: — This is a mere inversion of, "Say to such whose place is under us, Our pleasure requires our quick remove," &c. Recent Notes justify an explanation of so clear a passage.

Scene III.

p. 19. "The *garboils* she awak'd": — i. e., the turmoils, the 'tantrums.'

" "And give true *credence* to his love": — The folio, "true *evidence*," &c. — a misprint, the obvious correction of which was made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 20. "The carriage of his *chafe*": — Mr. Staunton plausibly proposes to read, "of his *chief*:" in allusion to Hercules, the chief of Antony's race, according to tradition.

Scene IV.

p. 21. "*Our* great competitor": — The folio, "*One* great competitor." But Heath's correction seems manifestly to be required. *Antony* was the competitor, or, as we should now say, the colleague, of *Octavius* and *Lepidus*; and the former assigns reasons to show that his distrust of him is not the result of mere antipathy.

" "No way excuse his *soils*": — The folio has "his

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foils," the difference being merely between *f* and *f*. The obviously needed change was left for Malone to make.

p. 21. "As we rate boys; who, being *mature* in knowledge, Pawn their experience," &c. : — Hanmer most plausibly read, "who *immature* in knowledge." For boys are not mature in any thing, and least in knowledge; and were they mature they would not pawn their experience to their present pleasure; or at least their so doing would not be chosen as an illustration here. Without an equivalent to Hanmer's too great change, the passage appears to be inexplicable.

p. 22. "Comes *dear'd* by being lack'd" : — The folio has, "Comes *fear'd*," &c. The change, about which there can be no doubt, was made by Theobald. The same editor made the similarly manifest correction of "*lack-eying* the varying tide," for "*lacking* the varying tide," in the next line but one below.

" "Leave thy lascivious *wassails*" : — The folio, "lascivious *vassailes*;" but the remainder of the speech leaves no doubt as to the slight misprint.

p. 23. "The *stale* of horses" : — i. e., the urine.

" "Assemble *we* immediate council" : —The folio, "Assemble *me*," &c. — a slight and manifest misprint, corrected in the second folio.

SCENE V.

p. 24. "Give me to drink *mandragora*" : — Mandragora was a strong opiate. See *Othello*, Act III. Sc. 3, "Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups," &c.

p. 25. "—— that great *medicine*" : — i. e., that great physician, perhaps, as Sydney Walker has suggested.

" "—— an *arm-girt* steed" : — The folio, "an *Armegaunt* steede;" for which, being able to discover no meaning in it, I hardly hesitate to substitute Hanmer's reading. The war horses of chivalric days were arm-girt as well as their riders. Mason proposed, "a termagant steed;" but far preferable to this would be "a *rampant* steed."

" "Was beastly *dumb'd* by him:" — The folio, with a slight misprint, "Was beastly *dumbe* by him."

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ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 28. "—— soften thy *wan'd* lip!" — Bishop Percy suggested, with some plausibility, that we should read 'wan' for 'wand' of the folio, as we read 'vile' for 'vild,' and 'lawn' for 'laund.'

Scene II.

p. 33. "Speaks to *atone* you": — i. e., to reconcile you. See the Note on "Atone together," *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4.

" "Say not *so*, Agrippa": — The folio has the obvious misprint, "Say not *say*," &c., and in the following line, "your *proof;*" for which Theobald read "*approof*," Hanmer "*reproof*," as in the text.

p. 36. "—— *she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus*": — A slip of memory, the reader will see by *Enobarbus'* second speech below.

" "To *glow* the delicate cheeks": — It is almost needless to notice the misprint, "To *gloue*," &c., of the folio.

" "—— tended her *i' th' eyes*,
And made their bends *adornings*": — 'In the eye' was a universally recognized idiom for in the presence, before the face, and was particularly used to express service before a superior. For instance, —

"Go, Captain: from me greet the Danish king.
. . . .
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye."
Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 4.

and in *Cymbeline*, Act III. Sc. 5, "first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valour;" and again in that line of Milton's sonnet on his twenty-third birthday, which so aptly expresses the light in which persons of certain religious views regard their Creator: —

"All is, if ever I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye."

For the reading, "And made their bends, adoring," i. e., and adoring Cleopatra, bowed before her, the folio has, "And made their bends *adornings*," which has been retained by many editors, with the explanation, that the mermaid-like attendants made either the curves of their

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tails ornaments, or their obeisances ornamental. Warburton read, "And made their bends *adorings*." But is it not clear that we have here an instance of the superfluous *s* final so often alluded to in these Notes, and that adoring is not a substantive, but a participle?

p. 36. "—— the silken *tackle*
Swell with the touches": — Here 'tackle' is used in a plural sense.

p. 37. "—— and she *cropp'd*": — i. e., was fruitful, brought forth.

SCENE III.

p. 39. "—— thy angel
Becomes a fear": — Upton plausibly suggested, "Becomes *afeard*."

" "But, he *away*": — The folio, "But he *alway*."

" "—— and his *quails* ever": — The ancients fought quails as well as cocks.

SCENE IV.

p. 40. "—— be at *Mount*": — i. e., Mount Misenum.

SCENE V.

" "—— let's to *billiards*": — An anachronism of a thousand years and more.

p. 41. "Tawny-*finn'd* fishes": — The folio, "Tawny *fine*," &c., which obvious misprint was left for Theobald's correction.

p. 42. "Not like a *formal* man": — i. e., a decorous, sanely behaved man. See the Note on "a formal man again," *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1.

p. 44. "That art *but* what thou'rt sure of": — i. e., being merely a messenger, you are to be regarded only according to the tenor of your message. The folio has the very common misprint, "That art *not*," &c., which has remained hitherto undetected, to the loss of a peculiarly Shakespearian thought. So in this play, "The nature of the news infects the teller," Act I. Sc. 2. The universal previous punctuation of the passage makes it also not superfluous to say, that it is not an optative exclamation, but a declaration; and that "that" in the previous line is not the conjunction, but the definitive adjective. *Cleopatra*, in reply to the messenger's plea, that he only performs his office, says, "O that, [i. e., Antony's marriage,] which is

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his fault, should make a knave of thee, that art but what thy tidings are."

p. 45. "Report *the feature* of Octavia": — i. e., her figure and mien. See the Note on "He is complete of feature," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 4.

" "The other *way's* a Mars": — A contraction of, The other way he is, &c. The folio prints 'wayes.'

SCENE VI.

p. 46. "Made *the* all-honour'd": — The first folio omitted 'the,' accidentally beyond a doubt. It was supplied in the second.

" "Thou canst not *fear* us, Pompey," &c.: — i. e., alarm us.

p. 47. "*There* is a change upon you": — The folio, "*There's* a change," &c. — one of its comparatively rare errors of this kind.

SCENE VII.

p. 54. "The third part, then, *is* drunk": — The folio, "The third part, then, *he* is drunk," which manifest misprint was retained until Malone corrected it. "That it might go on wheels" is an allusion to a common saying in Shakespeare's time, "The world goes on wheels."

" "—— *Strike* the vessels": — i. e., broach them.

" "*Possess* it; I'll make answer": — I think it more than probable that the obscurity of this passage is due to an easy misprint of 'possess' for "*profess;*" and that *Cæsar* should say, '*Profess* it,' i. e., I profess it, — to be a child of the time, and so I'll make answer. [Just as I am sending this play to the press I find that Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*Profess* it."]

p. 55. "The *holding* every man shall *bear*": — The holding was the burthen. The folio has, "shall beat," the misprint of *t* for *r* being of the commonest in old books.

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ACT THIRD.

Scene II.

p. 58. "—— O thou *Arabian bird!*" — i. e., thou phœnix.

" "*Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, — hoo!*" — Mr. Dyce thinks that "something has dropped out" of this line; which I doubt. Its monosyllabic construction and interrupted flow make it seem rather superfluous than deficient. The misprint in the folio of "*figure*" for 'figures,' is almost unworthy of notice.

p. 60. "—— *were he a horse*": — An allusion to the dislike which horse fanciers have to white marks or other discolorations in the face of that animal.

" "Believe 't, till I *wept* too": — The folio has, "till I *weepe* too;" but I have no hesitation in adopting Theobald's reading.

Scene III.

p. 62. "—— and her forehead
As low as *she would wish it*": — An ironical form of expression common in Shakespeare's day. As to the perverted fancy of our Elizabethan ancestors for high, i. e., bald forehead, see the Note on "Ay, but her forehead's low," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

p. 63. "This creature's *no such thing*": — i. e., nothing very remarkable — a colloquial phrase.

Scene IV.

" "He vented *them*": — The folio has the insignificant misprint, "He vented *then*."

" "When the best hint was given him, *he not took 't*,
Or did it *from his teeth*": — The folio has, "he not *look't*," which Theobald corrected on Thirlby's suggestion. The phrase 'from his teeth' seems to have been a common metaphor used to express a mere outward seeming. Mr. Singer quotes, in illustration, from Withal's *Dictionarie for Children*, 1616, "*Lingua amicus:* a friend from the teeth outward," and from Dryden's *Wild Gallant*, "I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outward." Could the translators of the Bible have had this phrase in mind when they gave us that singular passage in *Job* xix. 20, "and I am escaped by the skin of my teeth,"

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which appears with such notable variations in the original, the septuagint, the vulgate, and the English versions?

p. 64. "Shall *stain* your brother": — a very doubtful passage. Mr. Dyce says that 'stain' may mean throw in the shade; in support of which interpretation he cites this passage among others: —

"I saw six gallant nymphes. I saw but one
One stain'd them all."
Lord Stirling's *Aurora*, Sig. C. 4, ed. 1604.

Boswell more plausibly suggested that we should read, "shall *stay* your brother."

p. 64. "*Your* reconciler": — The first folio, "*You* reconciler," which the second corrected. The trifling error of the former, "Your heart *he's* mind to," in the last line of this Scene, was also corrected in the latter.

Scene V.

p. 65. "Then, *world*, thou *hast* a pair of chaps": — The folio has, "Then *would* thou *had'st*," &c., which Hanmer corrected. In the last line of this speech the folio omits 'the one,' which was supplied by Johnson.

Scene VI.

p. 66. "His sons *he there* proclaim'd the *kings* of kings": — For 'he there' the folio has "*hither*," and for 'kings of kings' "*king of kings*," which manifest errors were left to be corrected by Steevens.

p. 68. "Being an *obstruct*": — The folio, "an *abstract*," which Warburton corrected.

p. 69. "To do you justice make *their* ministers": — The folio, "make *his* ministers." Capell read, "make *them* ministers." I believe Malone first read, "their ministers." Mr. Collier retains "his," on the ground that 'his' refers to "justice," and not to "the gods."

Scene VII.

" "If not, *denounce 't* against us": — i. e., pronounce, declare the cause, against us. The folio, "If not *denounced*," &c., which, although inexplicable, has been hitherto retained, or changed to "*Is't not* [i. e., the war] denounc'd against us?" or "*Is't not? Denounce against us.*"

p. 70. "And *take in Toryne?*" — i. e., take it. The superflu-

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ous particle is commonly used in Great Britain. There a man "takes in" his newspaper; here he only "takes" it.

p. 71. "Your mariners are *muliters*":—The first folio misprints "*militers*," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "Their ships are *yare*":—i. e., ready to the helm, easily managed. See the Note on "Good speak to th' mariners," *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 1.

SCENE VIII.

p. 73. The entrances and exits in this Scene, and the relative position of the personages who take part in it, are much the same as those in Scene 3, Act V., of *King Richard III.* See the Note thereon, Vol. VIII. p. 308.

" "The *Antoniad*":—The name of Cleopatra's ship, according to North's Plutarch.

p. 74. "The greater *cantle*":—i. e., a piece, a segment. So in *Henry IV.* Part I. Act III. Sc. 1, "And cuts from me . . . a monstrous cantle out."

" "—— the *token'd* pestilence":—The plague was indicated by spots, which were called tokens; and from their fatality, according to the religious belief of the period, God's tokens.

" "—— Yond' *ribaudred nag* of Egypt":—So *Leontes* in his jealous fit exclaims, "Then say my wife's a *hobby-horse*." 'Ribaudred' means indecent, bawdy; as, for instance, from Baret's Alvearie, "A ribaudrous and filthie tongue; *os obscœnum et impudicum*. Ribaudrie, vilainie in actes or wordes, filthinesse, uncleanness."

SCENE IX.

p. 75. "—— let *that* be left":—The folio, "let *them* be left"—a manifest misprint.

p. 77. "And thou should'st *tow* me after":—The folio, "should'st *stow*"—a misprint by the ear, hardly worth notice.

SCENE X.

p. 78. "*Enter Euphronius*":—The folio has, "*Enter Ambassador from Anthony;*" but we know that *Euphronius*, who was tutor to the children of Antony and Cleopatra, was sent upon this mission.

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p. 78. "As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To *the* grand sea": — The folio, "To *his* grand sea," which, in my judgment, is a manifest typographical error. Hanmer detected and corrected it. But of late years, 'his' has been retained on the supposition that it alludes to the sea as the origin of the dew-drop!

p. 79. "*From thine invention, offers*": — The inversion in this sentence is so distracting and so needless, that it seems to me quite probable, at least, that there has been accidental transposition, and that Shakespeare may have written, —

"From Antony win Cleopatra; promise
What she requires; and in our name add more
Offers from thine invention."

"—— Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*": — Throughout the play this name is misprinted "*Thidias.*"

Scene XI.

" "The itch of his affection should not then
Have *nick'd* his captainship": — i. e., says Steevens, "set the mark of folly on it, referring to the practice of cutting irregularly or nicking the hair of fools," (See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 219,) — a most unsatisfactory explanation to me; and I have hardly a doubt that we should read, "Have *prick'd* his captainship," — his "captainship" meaning not his military skill, but himself.

p. 80. "The *mered* question": — The folio, "The *meered* question," which is quite possibly a misprint for "The mooted question."

" "To lay his gay *caparisons* apart": — The folio reads, "his gay *comparisons*," which has been hitherto retained. But *Cæsar* had made no comparisons of any kind, as may be seen by reference to the single speech which he addresses to *Euphronius* in the previous Scene. *Antony*, however, has more than once, and just before, alluded to the youth and gayety of *Octavius*, and he now summons him to lay aside every thing but armor and a sword, and meet him face to face in single combat.

" "And answer me *declin'd, sword against sword*": — It seems to me that there has been an accidental transposition here, and that we should read, "*sword against sword declin'd.*"

p. 81. "Farther than he is *Cæsar*": — The folio, "than he is *Cæsars*" — a mere instance of the superfluous final *s* so

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often noticed in this work. The same error occurs in Act IV. Sc. 12. See the note on page 145.

p. 82. "And put yourself under his shroud
The universal landlord" : — There seems to have been something lost here. Capell read, "under his shroud *the great*," &c.; Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "under his shroud *who is*," &c. But no addition is absolutely necessary to the sense.

" "—— In *deputation*" : — The folio, "in *disputation;*" but for obvious reasons I have no hesitation in adopting Warburton's reading.

p. 84. "—— that looks on *feeders?*" — Servants were called feeders of old; and why the name should have gone out of use no housekeeper can tell.

p. 85. "With one that *ties his points?*" — One of the most striking anachronisms in these plays. It was, of course, one of the duties of the body-servant, or valet, of Shakespeare's day, to tie the points or tags which united his master's doublet to his hose.

" "By the *discandying* of this pelleted storm" : — The dissolving of the hail is likened to that of sugar pellets. The folio has, "*discandering*" — a misprint which could be left for Thirlby to correct.

p. 87. "—— When valour preys *on* reason" : — The folio has, "prayes *in* reason;" and I am not quite sure that it should not be followed; — 'in' having the sense of upon.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

" "*I have* many other ways to die" : — Hanmer, conforming the text to the story of Plutarch, read, "*He hath* many other ways," &c.

Scene III.

p. 90. "*Music i' th' air*" : — This fanciful incident is taken from North's Plutarch.

Scene IV.

p. 91. "—— put *thine* iron on" : — Not improbably there is a misprint here of 'thine' for 'mine;' but 'thine iron' may well mean the iron that thou hast in thy hand.

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p. 92. "*Ah, let be, let be! thou art,*" &c.: — This speech, as well as that which precedes and follows it, is assigned to *Cleopatra* in the folio. Hanmer distributed the passage correctly.

" "*The morn is fair,*" &c.: — This speech is erroneously assigned to *Alexas* in the folio.

SCENE V.

p. 93. "*The gods make this a happy day,*" &c.: — To the first three speeches of the soldier in this Scene the folio prefixes "*Eros.*"

p. 94. "—— Dispatch, *Eros*": — The first folio, "Dispatch, *Enobarbus,*" the second, "Dispatch *Eros;*" which, considering the rhythm of the line, the appropriateness of the command, and the great probability that in the manuscript there stood only E., I have no hesitation in adopting.

SCENE VII.

p. 96. "But now 'tis made an *H*": — See the Note on "Fill all thy bones with *aches,*" *The Tempest,* Act I. Sc. 2.

SCENE VIII.

p. 97. "And let the Queen know of our *gests*": — i. e., our deeds of arms; the folio, "our *guests,*" which Theobald corrected. *Antony* brought no guests.

" "—— *clip* your wives": — i. e., embrace them. See the Note on "a kissing traitor," *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act I. Sc. 2, p. 476.

SCENE IX.

p. 99. "The hand of death hath *raught* him": — 'Raught' is an irregular form of the preterit of 'reach.'

" "*Demurely* wake the sleepers": — A very suspicious reading, for which various futile conjectural emendations have been proposed. Warburton accepted 'demurely' in the sense of solemnly; the appropriateness of which is not very apparent. I am inclined to think that there is no corruption, and that Shakespeare used 'demurely' in the sense of subdued, and with reference to the distant sound of the drums.

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SCENE X.

p. 100. ["*Ascend we then*]
Where their appointment" &c.: — Here the folio has, —

"Order for Sea is giuen;
They have put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may best discover
And looke on their endeauour."

Manifestly some words have been lost after 'Haven,' and the continuity of the passage demands at least a substitute for them. Rowe inserted, "Further on;" Capell, "Hie we on;" Tyrwhitt, "Let us go;" Malone, "Let's seek a spot;" and Mr. Dyce, better than either of his predecessors, "Forward, now." But the speech is very closely formed upon the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch, and by that I have been guided in my attempt to supply the hiatus. "The next morning by breake of day he went to set those few footemen he had in order *upon the hills* adjoining vnto the citie: and *there* he stoode to behold his gallies which departed from the haven." It is evident from the first part of *Antony's* speech that he has not yet gone up the heights.

" "—— the *augurers*": — The folio has, "the *auguries*," which manifest misprint Malone corrected.

p. 101. "—— *Triple-turn'd whore!* 'tis thou": — *Antony* alludes to *Cleopatra's* amours with Julius Cæsar, Cneius Pompeius, and himself.

" "That *spaniel'd* me at heels": — The folio, "That *pannelled* me," which Hanmer happily corrected.

" "O this false *soul* of Egypt": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 speciously has, "O this false *spell* of Egypt."

" "—— at *fast and loose*": — A game called "Pricking the garter" has been supposed to be meant here; but no particular game or trick seems to be alluded to.

p. 102. "For poor'st diminutives, for *doits*": — The folio has, "for *dolts*" — a misprint, without doubt. Warburton corrected it. A doit was a small brass coin which is often mentioned by Shakespeare.

SCENE XI.

" "Was never so *emboss'd*": — i. e., so worried by the hunters. See the Note on "The poor cur is embossed," *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, Sc. 1.

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SCENE XII.

p. 103. "The *rack* dislimns": — See the Note on "leave not a rack behind," *The Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

" "My good *knave*, Eros": — See the Note on "whip me such honest knaves," *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 104. "Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*": — The folio, "with *Cæsars*." We have had the same error before in this play, Act III. Sc. 2. See the Note on page 11.

p. 105. "—— with *pleached* arms": — i. e., intertwined, folded arms. The word was oftenest applied to thick shrubbery.

p. 106. "Lo *thee!*" — Qu., "Lo *there!*"

p. 107. "The guard, *ho!*" — The folio, "The guard *how?*" This way of spelling 'ho' is so common that it does not need to be noticed except in cases like the present, in which it may create a slight doubt as to the proper reading.

SCENE XIII.

p. 110. "—— die, *where* thou hast liv'd": — The folio, "die *when*," &c. — a misprint hardly worth notice, which Pope corrected.

" "That the false *housewife* Fortune": — i. e., the false strumpet. See the Note on "the overswitch'd huswives" 2 *Henry the Fourth*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 550.

p. 112. "—— Good *sirs*, take heart": — Women were sometimes addressed as sir in Shakespeare's time; and we see in this play, Act V. Sc. 2, 'sirrah' applied by *Cleopatra* to *Iras*, one of her handmaidens.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 112. "Being so *frustrate*, tell him, *he mocks*
The pauses that he makes": — It has been generally supposed that something is lost from this passage; and various attempts have been made at restoration. Perhaps Malone's was the best, who read, —

"Being so frustrate, tell him
He mocks *us by the* pauses that he makes."

Mr. Sidney Walker was the first to remark that 'frustrates' is here a trisyllable, and to bring forward other

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examples of a similar usage. This makes two perfect verses of the passage, including the reply of *Dolabella*.

p. 113. "—— the round world should have shook *Lions into civil streets*": — Although the text is intelligible, something most probably has been lost here.

p. 114. "Or *look'd* on thine": — The folio, "Or *look*," &c. The misprint, slight but manifest and material, has not been hitherto corrected.

p. 115. "How *honourable*": — So the folio; but it is not improbable that "honourable" is merely an irregular spelling of "honourably." The adverbial termination was frequently so represented in the books and manuscripts of Shakespeare's day; and the seeming evidence that the adjective was used adverbially has been too submissively received. Often in this work the adverbial form has been silently restored. For instance, in this play, Act II. Sc. 2, p. 33, *Lepidus'* speech, "'Tis nobly spoken," appears in the folio, "'Tis *noble* spoken," and has been hitherto so given.

"—— for Cæsar cannot *live*": — The folio, "cannot *leave*"; — a manifest misprint corrected by Pope, and by Southerne in his folio of 1685.

SCENE II.

p. 116. "—— and never palates more the *dung*": — So the folio. Warburton read "the *dug*." The correction is of the obvious sort, and is indicated by 'palates' and 'nurse,' as well as by the similarity in form between the original and the substituted word. But as I am unable to discern what is the dug which is "the beggar's nurse and Cæsar's," and as the word in the text is expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life, I make no change.

p. 117. "*You see how easily*," &c.: — The first folio gives the prefix "*Pro*." to this speech; the second, "*Char*." Malone first assigned it to *Gallus*, and with perfect propriety.

"*Proculeius and two of the guard*," &c.: — This stage direction is not in the folio, but is formed upon the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch. The scene is one which it is almost impossible to play upon a modern stage; but in Shakespeare's day, when they could "make believe" as hard as *Mr. Richard Swiveller's* little *Marchioness* did over her orange peel and water, there was no such difficulty.

p. 119. "The little *O, the Earth*": — The folio has, "The lit-

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tle, *O' th' earth;*" but the rhythm of the line, (which is completed in the next speech,) no less than the foregoing context, supports the emendation, which in effect is Theobald's.

p. 119. "—— an *autumn* 'twas": — The folio, "an *Anthony* 'twas" — an easy and obvious misprint, which was left for Theobald to correct.

" "As *plates* dropp'd from his pockets": — i. e., as plate, silver money.

" "—— a grief that *smites*": — The folio, "that *suites*." "Tyrwhitt," says Mr. Dyce, "made the correction in his annotated copy of the second folio, now in the British Museum."

p. 122. "Addition of his *envy*": — i. e., of his malice. 'Envy' was constantly used in this sense, in which it occurs many times in these plays.

" "As we greet *modern* friends withal": — i. e., every-day friends, ordinary friends. See the Note on "a modern invocation," *King John*, Act III. Sc. 2.

p. 124. "Their most *absurd* intents": — Theobald very plausibly read, "Their most *assur'd* intents."

" "—— *Sirrah*, Iras, go": — See the Note on "Good sirs, take heart," Act IV. Sc. 13, of this play.

p. 125. "Hast thou the pretty *worm* of Nilus here?" — i. e., the pretty snake; as in the passage, "Where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched," and in Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. 4: —

"'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

p. 127. "I am fire, and air; my other *elements*": — See the last Note upon *Julius Cæsar*.

p. 128. "In this *wild* world?" —The folio, "In this *wilde* world," which Capell plausibly supposed to be a misprint of "vilde [vile] world." But there is not sufficient justification for the change. At that time the world seemed wild enough to poor *Charmian*.

" "—— Your crown's *awry*": — The folio, "your Crownes *away*," which manifest error Pope corrected by the narrative in North's Plutarch.

" "—— *Charmian, is this well done?*" — *Charmian* managed the introduction of the "rural fellow" with the asps.

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CYMBELINE.

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Cymbeline stands last in the division of Tragedies, in the folio of 1623, where it occupies thirty-one pages; viz., from p. 369 to p. 399, which is misprinted p. 993: p. 379 is also numbered p. 389.

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CYMBELINE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE trial of a wife's chastity, with the connivance of her husband, was an incident well adapted to the use of the romance-writers and story-tellers of the earliest days of chivalry. When ladies were left long alone, during the absence of their lords upon warlike expeditions of more or less importance, and in the mean time were almost daily called upon to show hospitality to the merest strangers, there would naturally be, within the knowledge of most people, occurrences making such a design as that upon which the villain of this play sets out from Italy, seem not at all extravagant. Hence it is rather surprising that so few old stories have been discovered which turn upon the cardinal incident in the fortunes of *Posthumus* and *Imogen*.

Two ancient romances and one middle-age miracle-play in the French language, one of Boccaccio's novels, (the Ninth of the Second Day,) and a tale in an old English tract, are the only sources which literary antiquarians have discovered whence Shakespeare could have derived the most interesting part of the plot of this drama. All these romances and tales have manifestly a common origin. In all there is the boast of the wife's beauty and faithfulness, the wager that the latter may be undermined, the failure in the attempt, the fraudulent obtaining of seeming proofs of success, the condemnation of the wife to death, with her preservation and final triumphant restoration to her husband's confidence and favor. In the two romances, and in Boccaccio's novel, the evidences against the lady are procured by the assistance of a female attendant; and in one of the former, and in the latter, they consist in part of the knowledge that the victim of the conspiracy has a mole upon one of her breasts. In Boccaccio's version of the story, the baffled intriguer obtains en-

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trance to the lady's bed chamber concealed in a chest. She keeps a light burning during the night, by which he is enabled to note the situation of the apartment, the pictures, and all the other remarkable things in it.* These points of resemblance make it certain that the incidents of the English play were derived from the Italian novel. But it is interesting to observe that while both play and novel place the mole upon the lady's left breast, though in the old romance it is placed upon the right, it is in the romance that it is made five pointed, and compared to a flower, as to which minor but striking peculiarities the novel is silent.†

Of Boccaccio's novel no English translation is known to have been printed in Shakespeare's time. A rude imitation of it, published in 1518, with which I am not acquainted, was described by Steevens; and yet another (above mentioned) appears as the second tale in a tract called *Westward for Smelts*, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1619–20, and published in 1620.‡ From neither of these could

* "Rimasa adunque la cassa nella camera, e venuta la notte, all' ora che Ambrogiuolo avvisò che la Donna dormisse, con certi suoi ingegni apertala, chetamente nella camera uscì, *nella quale un lume accesso avea:* per la qual cosa egli *il sito della camera, le depinture*, e ogn' altra cosa notabile che in quella era cominciò a ragguardare, e a fermare nella sua memoria."

"*Imo.* Take not away the taper; leave it burning
* * * *
"*Iach.* But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down: —
Such and such pictures: — there the window; — such
Th' adornment of her bed: the arras-figures,
Why such and such; — and the contents o' th' story."
Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. 2.

† "La demoiselle s'esgarde au baing
Maintenant a coisi je saing
Et vit sur sa *destre mamele*
Une violete novele
Ynde parut sous la char blanche." — *Roman de la Violette.*
"— I voit
De sur sa *destre* mamelete
Le *semblant d'une violete.*" — *Ib.*

"— ma niuno segnale da potere rapportare le vide, fuori che uno ch' ella n' avea sotto la *sinistra* poppa; cio era un neo, d' intorno al quale erano alquanti peluzzi biondi come oro." — Boccaccio, *ubi supra.*

"On her *left* breast
A mole *cinque-spotted*, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip." — *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. 2.

It will be remembered that the petals of a violet are five in number.

‡ This tale has been reprinted by Malone (See the Variorum of 1821), and

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Shakespeare have drawn materials for this play; and for this reason and another to be mentioned hereafter, I am sure that he was acquainted more directly with Boccaccio's novel.

The episode of early British history with which the tale of the Italian novelist is so skilfully interwoven Shakespeare found in Holinshed. But he made such sparing use of the few incidents which the old chronicler records of the reign of Cymbeline, and moulded them so freely to his purpose, that his obligations in this respect are hardly worth consideration. They amount to little more than a use of the king's name and period, and his relations with the Romans. The Queen, *Imogen*, *Posthumus*, *Cloten*, and *Belarius* are unknown to the chronicle; and of *Guiderius* and *Arviragus* it gives the names only.

When *Cymbeline* was written has hitherto been only inferred from the style of its versification. This bears strong resemblance to that of *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. In my judgment, the resemblance is much the stronger in the latter instance; and that play also shows, in its extravagant defiance of the unities, and the involved construction of its plot, that it was composed with dramatic purposes similar to those which influenced the production of Cymbeline. But I have noticed another circumstance which seems to me to bear upon this question, and, trifling as it is, to show at once that Shakespeare went directly to Boccaccio, and that the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* were composed at about the same period. In Boccaccio's novel the convicted slanderer is condemned by the Sultan to be anointed with honey, and exposed to the rays of the sun, tied to a stake upon some elevated spot, and to remain there until his flesh falls away from his bones.* From this doom it seems quite clear that Shakespeare took the hint for that mock sentence which *Autolycus* passes upon the Young Clown in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3: "He hath a son, who shall be flayed alive, then 'nointed over with honey . . . then raw as he is, and in

since by the Percy Society, and also by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare's Library*. Malone speaks of an edition of 1603; but none such is known, and the entry above mentioned is apparently inconsistent with its existence. For an account of the two old romances, which were published in 1831 and 1834, under the editorship of M. Michel, see the *Journal des Savans*.

* "Il Soldano appresso comandò che incontanente Ambrogiuolo in alcuno alto luogo della città fosse *al sole legato ad un palo, e unto di mele;* nè di quindi mai infino a tanto che per sè medesimo non cadesse levato fosse: e così fu fatto."

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the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death." As this, too, is plainly a reminiscence, it goes to show that *The Winter's Tale* was written after its author read up for *Cymbeline;* and as the former was quite surely produced in 1611, the latter may be regarded as the fruit of 1609 or 1610.

The only source of text of *Cymbeline* is the folio of 1623, in which it is infested with errors of the press of more or less importance, the correction of which is embarrassed by the somewhat involved and elliptical style of the play. The vision — both dumb show and speeches — in the fifth Act is as plainly not from Shakespeare's hand as the Chorus which introduces the fourth Act of *The Winter's Tale.* In my judgment, the dirge sung over *Imogen,* though of somewhat better quality, is open to the same criticism. It has been supposed that the former is a remnant of an older play, which is possible; but the supposition is not necessary to account for the occurrence of the passage in question. There must have been men enough about the Globe Theatre ready to relieve Shakespeare of this sort of labor.

The period of the action is a few years before the beginning of our era. For the costume of the principal personages there is no authority, nor need there be. It would probably have been the Roman costume of the period provincialized.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britain.
CLOTEN, *Son to the* Queen *by a former Husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *Husband to* Imogen.
BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to* Cymbeline, *disguised under the names of*
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore *and* Cadwal, *supposed Sons to* Belarius.
PHILARIO, *Friend to* Posthumus, } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *Friend to* Philario, }
A French Gentleman, *Friend to* Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, *Servant to* Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.
Two Lords *of* Cymbeline's *Court.*

QUEEN, *Wife to* Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, *a* Soothsayer, *a* Dutch Gentleman, *a* Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE: *sometimes in* Britain, *sometimes in* Italy.

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THE TRAGEDY OF

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Britain. The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the King.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

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Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her
(I mean, that married her, — alack, good man! —
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the Earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did gain his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' th' time,
Di'd with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The King he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,

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Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest, to th' more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman, the Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Posthumus. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit* Queen.

Imogen. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! — My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

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Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady! weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends, —
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And cere up my embracements from a next
With bands of death! — Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cymbeline. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing!
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

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Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What! art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me! — Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing! —
[*To the* Queen.] They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience. — Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie! — you must give way:
Here is your servant. — How now, sir! What news?
Pisanio. My lord your son drew on my master.

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Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile! — O brave sir! —
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. — Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
[I] pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,
Go see my lord abroad: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Public Place near Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, *and two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.

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Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Cloten. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it — Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' th' backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans. — Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

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Clo. You'll go with us?
1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Imogen's Apartments in the Palace.

Enter Imogen *and* Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I! —
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but

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To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in Heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

The Queen, madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. —
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene V.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iachimo. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Philario. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

Frenchman. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And, then, his banishment, —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. — Here comes the Briton. Let him be so enter-

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tained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. —

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend [not] to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more

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fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer and her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not [but] believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n, too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplish'd

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courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein-to, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what y' are worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, — a punishment, too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly: let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands

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so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, — that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; — provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. — Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise,)

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for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. — [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cornelius. Pleaseth your Highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft

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For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio! —
Doctor, your service for this time is ended:
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. —
[*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,

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To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans, —
Who cannot be new-built, nor has no friends,
[*The* Queen *drops a box:* PISANIO *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him? — Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: — nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a change thou chancest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment, such

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As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISA.] — A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. — I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so; — well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. — Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Pis. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd: — O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious: blessed be those,

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How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly by.

Imo. [Reads.] — "*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*
LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully. —
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones

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Upon th' unnumber'd beach; and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' th' judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit to emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus wraps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well. — Beseech you, sir, desire [*To* PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

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Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries,
"O!
Can my sides hold, to think that man, — who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he; but yet Heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I account his beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,

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Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood — falsehood as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye,
Base and illustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.

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Iach. O, dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double, — to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make thee
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away! — I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. — If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, — as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and

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Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the Devil alike. — What ho, Pisanio! —
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his Court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. — What ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit. — Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the Court
for yours.

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Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form. Their value 's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise,
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

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Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Britain. Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! — I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smell'd like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in th' Earth. — A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the

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Queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to Court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and first* Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that

Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess!
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The Heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Imogen's Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

Imogen *reading in her bed: a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman, Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper; leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit* Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* Iachimo *comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

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Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't! — 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see t' enclosed lights, now canopi'd
Under these windows; white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. — But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down: —
Such, and such, pictures: — there the window; — such
Th' adornment of her bed: — the arras-figures,
Why, such, and such; — and the contents o' th' story. —
Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come off; —
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard! —
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. — On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. — To what end,

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Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up. — I have enough:
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, Hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three, — time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The Scene closes.*

Scene III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloten *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a

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very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, — and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

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Queen. You are most bound to th' King;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. — Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen, and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt* Cym., Queen, Lords, *and* Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. — By your leave, ho! —
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer; and 'tis gold

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Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? — The Princess ——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

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Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad:
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity, —
To accuse myself, — I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch, —
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' Court, — it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

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Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignifi'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. —

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!

Clo. His garment? Now, the Devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently. —

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse. — Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit* PIS.

Clo. You have abus'd me. —
His meanest garment?

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Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd. —
His mea st garment? — Well. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus *and* Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

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The legion now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet. —
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

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I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,

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And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, — outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour! —
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see! —
[*Producing the bracelet.*

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And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove! —
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Giving the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing. —
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one o' her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. — Back my ring. —
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true; — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true. I am sure,

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She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable: — they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: — she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly. —
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of ——

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn, —

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

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I will go there, and do 't; i' the Court; before
Her father. — I'll do something —— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow: — O, all the devils! —
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was 't not? —
Or less, — at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd "oh!" and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

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That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that Hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. — Yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Lucius. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less

Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other

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of them may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world) against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then. — War and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. — Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

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Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which, he to seek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pisanio, *reading a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? — Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. — O, my master!

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Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murther her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading.*] "Do 't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:" — O, damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, Pisanio!
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not,
That we two are asunder, — let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love; — of his content
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave. — Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*
"*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take*

me in his dominion, could not be cruel to me, so as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your (increasing in love) *Leonatus Posthumus.*"

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st, —
O, let me 'bate! — but not like me; — yet long'st, —
But in a fainter kind: — O, not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To th' smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse: — but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. — But this is foolery. —

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Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding suit no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Belarius. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guiderius. Hail, heaven!

Arviragus. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:

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And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

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Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' th' war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of fame, and honour; which dies i' th' search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure. — O boys! this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to Heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunter's language. — He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' th' feast;

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To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
[*Exeunt* GUI. *and* ARV.
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' th' cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story, say, — "Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd. —
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows,
Thou did'st unjustly banish me; whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave;
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. — The game is up. [*Exit*

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SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand. — Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now, — Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] "*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain*

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as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. — No; 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What! is it to be false,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness. — Iachimo,
Thou did'st accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. — Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ripp'd: — to pieces with me! — O!
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought

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Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something's afore 't: — Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor

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Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, [thou] that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mak'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed, then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls [blind] first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time,
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

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Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the Court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' embassador

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Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman it pretty self,) into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one
Forethinking this, I have already fit —
'Tis in my cloak-bag — doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius

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Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen:
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a drachm of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. — May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen. I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;

And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven. —
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. — Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd

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Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. — Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

The Attendant *returns.*

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great Court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that which I
Fear prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. —

[*Exit* CLOTEN.

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Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!
Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the King: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!
[*Exit* Queen.
Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

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Pis. O, good my lord!
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter —
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A drachm of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord!
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word, — No more of worthy lord, —
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Clo. Let 's see 't. — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Clo. Humph!
Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. — Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true ser-

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vice, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry, — that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven. — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon. — Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath din'd, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again.

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She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter PISANIO *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it. — Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, (which I will never be,)
To him that is most true. — To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. — Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think

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Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. — My dear lord! —
Thou 'rt one o' th' false ones: — now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. — But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. — Ho! Who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend. — Ho! — No answer? then, I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good Heavens! [*She enters the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. — Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

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Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' th' cave: we'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. Stay: come not in. [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! — Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took. Good troth,
I have stolen naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With pray'rs for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who

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Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd.
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. — In honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. — Most welcome.
Be sprightly; for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. — [*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons: then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

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I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Rome. A Public Place.

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Senator.* This is the tenour of the Emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; and to you, the Tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tribunes. Is Lucius General of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

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Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Wales. The Forest near the Cave of Belarius.

Enter CLOTEN.

CLOTEN.

I AM near to th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer — in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may,

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happely, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to* IMOGEN.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To* IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, — yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:

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How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at Court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. — Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. [*Apart to* Arv.] I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field! —
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

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Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shall be ever.
[*Exit* IMOGEN.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings.
Gui. But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away! — Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. — I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' Queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. — We are held as outlaws: — hence.

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Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. — What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool:
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

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Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.
Gui. I am sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, — the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company 's abroad.
Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, — an empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules

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Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,

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Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ord'nance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,

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I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

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Enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

Bel. Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou died'st a most rare boy, of melancholy. —
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, —
Not as death's dart, — being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' th' floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,

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Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. — To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
As once our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,

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(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
[y father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. — Begin.

Song.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' th' great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

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Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renowned be thy grave!

Enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces. —
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew. —
Come on, away; apart upon our knees,
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way? —
I thank you. — By yond' bush? — Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! — can it be six mile yet? —
I have gone all night: — 'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow. — O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. — I hope I dream,

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For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in Heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. —
A headless man! — The garment of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face —
Murther in Heaven! — How? — 'Tis gone. — Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio —
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! — O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. — How should this be? Pisanio!
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murtherous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O, —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,

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That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us! O my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Captain. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea: attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships,
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. — Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Soothsayer. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision,
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus: —
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy South to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. — How! a page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:

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For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. — Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon. — Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou do'st approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,

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Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee. — My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. — Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt*

Scene III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, *and* Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger. — Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time

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When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To* PISANIO.
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and Queen! —
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,

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And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. — Away! [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all: the Heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

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Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance: and, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; ay, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is 't, that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd

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To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens, I'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. — [*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Britain. Near the Roman Camp.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little? — O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;

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No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dreaded, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey! — I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits shew.
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO *and the* Roman Army: *at the other side, the* British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl
A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[*Exit.*

The battle continues: the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken; then enter to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. } *Arv.* } Stand, stand, and fight!

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Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons; *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt; then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought. The King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?

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Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, —
An honest one, I warrant, — who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!" — These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, "stand, stand!"
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyagers) became
The life o' th' need: having found the back-door open

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Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,
O'er-borne i' th' former wave: ten chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? — This is a lord. O, noble misery!
To be i' th' field, and ask, what news, of me.
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' th' war. — Well, I will find him;

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For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom 's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, *and* Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. — Stand! who 's there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to th' King.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler; *after which, all go out.*

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SCENE IV.

A British Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaoler.* You shall not now be stol'n; you have locks upon you:
So, graze as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' th' gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
(If of my freedom 'tis the main part) take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

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Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them: then, after other music follow the two young* Leonati, Brothers *to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sicilius. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well?
Whose face I never saw;
I di'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father, then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

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Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Brother.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

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Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry,
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt; the ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jupiter. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush! — How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

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Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
  Our temple was he married. — Rise, and fade! —
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
  And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
  Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
  Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —
  Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
  Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
  All. Thanks, Jupiter.
  Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
His radiant roof. — Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*Ghosts vanish.*
  Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake. — Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects

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So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.] "*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted, rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O, of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O,

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the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. — Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* Messenger.

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Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add

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To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: — report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' th' battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces. — Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' Court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

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Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? — Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of Heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your Highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

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Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman Prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. — Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. — I know not why, [nor] wherefore,

To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live,
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack!
There's other work in hand. — I see a thing
Bitter to me as death. — Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys. —
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

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Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele. — What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see farther.
Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad.
[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, [*to* IACHIMO.] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. — On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou did'st banish; and (which more may grieve thee,

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As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye: ——

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein

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He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity — there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got [it!]) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

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I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
Methinks, I see him now, —

Post. Ay, so thou do'st,
[*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! — Ay me! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! — O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' Earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't: — the temple
Of virtue was she: — yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! — O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear! —

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! — O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help! —
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round!

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

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Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The Queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

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Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now! my flesh, my child?
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir.
[*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I farther know not.
Gui. Let me end the story.
I slew him there.

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Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir King.
This man is better than the man he slew, —
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scarre for. — Let his arms alone;
[*To the guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must

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For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's ours.
Gui. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it, then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd, traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as

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Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world. —
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while. —
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother

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Rejoic'd deliverance more. — Bless'd pray you be
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. — O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. — O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he di'd.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O, rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. — Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the Court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,

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And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. —
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. — That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again;
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon 's the word to all.

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Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. — Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [*Coming forward.*

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] "*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by, a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYMBELINE.
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier*, I divine,
[*To* POSTHUMUS.
Is thy most constant wife; who, even now,

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Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin. — And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From South to West on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave

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Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. —
Set on there. — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON CYMBELINE.

We pronounce the name of this play *Sim-bë-leen;* but its proper pronunciation is *Kim-bé-line.* It were well if *c* could be restored to its proper functions in our language, and the superfluous interloper *k* ejected.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 157. "Still seem as does the *King*": — The folio, "the *Kings;*" which is clearly but an instance of the irregularity as to the final *s* to which attention is so often directed in these Notes. It was often superfluously added, more rarely omitted when necessary. Tyrwhitt first removed it in this passage. The sense is, our dispositions are not more subject to the influence of the stars than the outward seeming of the courtiers to that of the king.

p. 158. "—— who did *gain* his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius": — The folio, "who did *ioyne* his Honor," which has been hitherto retained, although, as Steevens saw, it is inexplicable. Sicilius gained his distinction under one king, but received honorary reward from his successor, — a not uncommon course of events. — "Tenantius," says Malone, "was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother, Lud, king of the southern part of Britain, on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's

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younger son, (his elder brother, Androgeus, having fled to Rome,) was established on the throne, of which they had unjustly been deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted King of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of Leonatus he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593."

p. 159. "A glass that *feated* them": — i. e., they feated or fashioned themselves by him. So *Hamlet* was "the glass of fashion."

p. 161. "And *cere* up my embracements from a next
With *bands* of death": — The folio, "And *seare* up," &c., and "With *bonds*," which have been hitherto retained. But *seare* was a mere irregular spelling of 'cere:' as, for instance, in the folio text of the *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 7, —

"To rib her seare-cloth in an obscure grave."

The binding of the arms down with the cered, or waxed, cloth, and thus figuratively restraining their embracements, suggested the thought; and hence it is plain that here, as often elsewhere, "bonds" of the folio is merely an old form of 'bands.'

" "While sense can keep *it* on": — Here 'it' has been changed to 'thee,' for the sake of accordance, by some editors, and retained by others on the tenable ground that like irregularity occurs elsewhere in these dramas. But I am inclined to think that 'it' is used in a possessive sense, and that 'on' is a phonographic spelling of 'own;' in which case *Posthumus* says to the ring, 'Remain thou there while sense can hold its own.' See the Notes on "it's folly, it's tenderness," *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, and "to it own protection," Act II. Sc. 3, and "in it most innocent mouth," Act III. Sc. 2, of the same play; also on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1.

p. 162. "That should'st repair my youth, *thou heap'st*": — Something not absolutely necessary to the sense has been lost from this line. Hanmer read, — "thou *heapest many*;" Capell, much better, "thou heap'st *instead*."

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p. 164. "[*I*] pray you, speak with me": — The pronoun, which does not appear in the folio, manifestly dropped from the line by accident.

SCENE III.

p. 165. "If it be a sin to make a true *election*," &c.: — The allusion plainly is to the doctrine of election held by the Calvinists.

SCENE IV.

p. 166. "—— with *this* eye or ear": — The folio, "with *his* eye or ear," which, as the eye and ear that were to distinguish *Posthumus* were *Pisanio's*, is wrong, of course. Warburton restored sense, but not elegance, to the passage, by a very slight change. It would be well were there warrant for reading, "with *or* eye or ear."

SCENE V.

p. 168. "*Enter . . . a Dutchman, and a Spaniard*": — The Dutchman and the Spaniard are silent figures; yet they have been very properly retained by all editors. Their mere presence has a dramatic value, as indicating the mixed company of travellers in which this Scene takes place. See the Note on "Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff," &c., *Richard the Third*, Act II. Sc. 1.

" "—— those that weep this lamentable divorce *under her colours, are*," &c.: — i. e., her partisans, who weep his separation from her. The nominatives to "are" are, "This matter of marrying his King's daughter," and "his banishment," in the two preceding speeches, and "the approbation," &c., in this. The effect of all these circumstances was wonderfully to extend the reputation of *Posthumus*.

" "—— for taking a beggar *without less quality*": — The sense is manifestly, for taking a beggar less richly endowed with personal qualities; therefore some editors have changed "without" to 'with,' and "less" to 'more.' But I believe, with Malone, Collier, Knight, and Dyce, that the obscurity is due to the poet's own carelessness.

p. 169. "I was glad I did *atone*," &c.: — i. e., reconcile. See the Note on "Atone together," *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4.

" "—— (if I offend [*not*] to say it is mended)": — 'Not,' omitted from the folio, was supplied by Rowe.

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p. 170. "—— though I profess myself her adorer *and her friend*":—i. e., and her accepted lover. See the Note on "love, lord, ay, husband, friend," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 5. The folio has, "*not* her friend;" but since *Posthumus* does profess himself the accepted lover of *Imogen*, the passage is surely corrupt. As the nature of the declaration limits the signification of 'friend' to that above mentioned, we cannot suppose it to be used in its general sense. With either reading it is equally difficult to account for the presence of 'though.'

" "—— the one may be sold, or given, *if there were* wealth enough," &c.:—The folio, "*or* if there were," "or" being doubtless a mere accidental addition.

p. 171. "—— to *convince* the honour of my mistress":—i. e., to overcome it.

" "—— and, to bar your offence *herein-to*":—The folio, "And to barre your offence heerein to," which has hitherto strangely been given, "And to bar your offence *herein, too*."

" "—— on the *approbation* of what I have spoke":—i. e., the approving, proving, or proof.

p. 172. "You are *afraid*, and therein the wiser":—The folio, "You are *a Friend*," &c., the manifest corruption of which was observed by Warburton, who made the almost as manifest restoration, which is indicated by the last sentence of the speech.

" "—— if you make your *voyage* upon her":—i. e., if you make your venture upon her. So *Page* says, "If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 1.

Scene VI.

p. 175. "Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on":—The folio, "Thinke what a *chance* thou *changest* on," in which it seems very clear that there is one of those accidental interchanges of consonants which not unfrequently happen, in speech and in writing, between words which are identical except in one letter. Theobald first read as in the text.

p. 176. "The *hand-fast* to her lord":—i. e., the betrothal, the marriage to her lord.

" "Of *liegers* for her sweet":—A lieger is a resident ambassador. So in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1:—

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"Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger."

SCENE VII.

p. 177. "—— as you value your *truest* Leonatus": — The folio, "as you value your *trust* Leonatus." But "trust" is a mere irregular spelling of 'truest,' as Monck Mason saw. 'Trust' has been defended, but most ineffectually. *Imogen* had no special trust from *Posthumus;* and what she reads is certainly the end, not the beginning, of the letter; the first word that she reads, 'he,' necessarily implying a previous mention and introduction of *Iachimo.* In courtesy *Imogen* reads aloud her husband's commendation of her guest. "So far" may very properly be taken in the sense of 'So much,' and "the rest," of which *Imogen* speaks, may refer as well to an unmentioned part that goes before as to one that comes after.

p. 178. "Upon th' *unnumber'd* beach": — The folio, "Upon the *number'd* Beach." But any doubt as to the necessity of Theobald's reading should be removed by this passage in *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6: —

"The murmuring surge
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes."

"Should make desire vomit *to* emptiness": — The folio omits 'to,' and Dr. Johnson says that "vomit emptiness" means "feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." But as this mere translation of the phrase into Johnsonese only makes its absurdity seem more monstrous, I do not hesitate to adopt Capell's slight and appropriate emendation.

" "What, dear sir, thus *wraps* you?" — i. e., wraps you in contemplation, of course. The folio, "thus *raps* you," which ridiculous reading has been hitherto preserved.

p. 180. "*Fixing* it only here": — The first folio, "*Fiering* it," &c., which manifest error was corrected in the second folio.

" "Base and *illustrous*": — The folio has "and *illustrious*," which I do not hesitate in regarding, with Mr. Collier, as a slight misprint of "and illustrous;" the word being formed like 'illegitimate' and 'illiterate.'

p. 181. "—— hir'd with that *self exhibition*": — i. e., that same payment. See the Note on "like exhibition shalt thou have," &c., *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 3.

" "—— Should he make *thee*": — The folio, "Should

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he make *me*," — one of the commonest of misprints. But it has been hitherto retained, although *Posthumus* had no control over the conduct of *Iachimo;* although the latter is endeavoring to induce *Imogen* to be unchaste by alleging a provocation by her husband, and his own continence had nothing to do with his argument; and although his tempter's suggestion closes, —

"Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In *your* despite, upon *your* purse?"

p. 182. "—— like a *descended* god": — The folio, "like a *defended* god" — a misprint hardly worth notice, which was corrected in the second folio.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 184. "—— when I *kiss'd the jack* upon an up-cast": — In the game of bowls one pin is called the jack.

Scene II.

p. 187. "And be *her sense* but as a monument": — i. e., her sensuous part, her body.

p. 188. "The *tale of Tereus*": — See the Note on "some Tereus hath defloured thee," *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. Sc. 5.

" "—— that dawning
May *bare the raven's eye*": — The raven is the most matinal of birds. Even the lark is not abroad earlier.

Scene III.

p. 189. "On chalic'd flowers that *lies*": — The disagreement in number between "lies" and its nominative is not worth all that has been written about it. A relic of an old usage, it was common enough in Shakespeare's day. See the following instance of it in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II Sc. 4: —

"both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies."

" "With every thing that pretty *is*": — For "is" Hanmer substituted "*bin*," the old plural form, which 'are' has replaced. But the rhyme that was thus violently sought is not necessary. The stanza or stave of this song is really one of four fourteen-syllable verses and a refrain. The subdivision of such verses into alternate lines of eight

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and six syllables was at first an irregularity caused by the introduction of rhymes at the cæsural pauses. These cæsural rhymes were sometimes introduced in one part of a song and omitted in others. In the folio the last half of this song is printed as two fourteen-syllable lines; but in modern editions it is usually divided into four of eight and six.

p. 189. "I have assailed her with *music*": — The folio, "with *musickes*," where we have quite surely, I think, the superfluous final *s*. But still such words as music and money were used in the plural.

p. 192. "Fools *cure* not mad folks": — Warburton's reading. The folio has, "Fooles *are* not mad Folkes." This Steevens explains, "If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, 'Fools are not mad folks.'" But even admitting such a very subtle and recondite meaning, what fitness has it to the passage? *Cloten* says he must stop with *Imogen* to take care of her, because she is mad; and she, being provoked by his boorishness to "unfold equal discourtesy," indirectly calls him a fool, by telling him that the attendance of fools is of no service to the mad. This reading is confirmed by her reply below, — "I'll be no more mad: that *cures us both*."

" "—— and must not *soil*": — The folio, "not *foil*" — the slightest of misprints.

Scene IV.

p. 194. "(*Statist* though I am none": — i. e., though I am not a politician.

p. 195. "The *legion* now in Gallia": — Mr. Dyce plausibly reads, "The *legions*," &c.

" "(Now *mingled* with their courages)": — The first folio, "Now *wing-led*," &c., which was corrected in the second.

" "*Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court*": — The folio assigns this speech to *Posthumus*, erroneously, as Steevens saw. *Imogen's* husband would not stop to ask idle questions before he read her letter. The mistake may be attributed to the use of the same initial letter *P* as a prefix for the speeches of both characters.

" "If I *have* lost it": — Mr. Dyce thinks that 'have' cannot here be regarded as equivalent to 'had,' and therefore reads, "If I *had* lost it." It seems not to have been intended as an equivalent to 'had.' The difference made in the sentence by 'have' and 'had' is not merely in

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grammatical form, but in thought. *Iachimo* says, "If I have lost it now, that loss is the consequence of my having then lost the weight of it in gold." We do not use this form of thought now-a-days. So in *Posthumus'* third speech below, "my hand and ring is yours," did not, I think, convey to Shakespeare and to his auditors exactly the same thought that 'my hand and ring are yours' conveys to us. I am inclined to the opinion that their apprehension was separative in such cases, and that the assertion was to them, 'my hand is yours, and my ring is yours,' — "To *who* shall find them," in the same speech, is, perhaps, a mere irregularity, or even a fault of the printer; but it occurs so often that a change of the text in accordance with these suppositions is not warranted. The folio, by a mere careless omission of the final *s*, reads, "or masterles *leaue* both," in the previous line.

p. 197. "*Since the true life on 't was*": — The break here is indicated in the folio in the usual manner, by a dash.

" "—— two *winking* Cupids": — i. e., two blind Cupids.

" "Depending on their *brands*": — Steevens was probably right in supposing that the Cupids bore torches, upon which they leaned.

p. 198. "Who knows, if one *o'* her women": — The first folio, "*one her* women;" the second, "one *of* her women."

p. 199. "(Worthy *the* pressing)": — The folio, "Worthy *her* pressing," which cannot be right. Rowe made the change.

SCENE V.

p. 200. "Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German one*": — The folio, "a *Iarmen on;*" about which there has been much unaccountable and futile discussion. If precedent were needed, it might be found in the 4to. edition of the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, which has, Act II. Sc. 1, "the Iarman hunting in water-worke." The forests of Germany have long been celebrated for their wild boars.

p. 201. "—— *change* of prides": — Here 'change' is used as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. 1, "and with them change of honours." In both cases it clearly means variety, severalty, as in the phrase 'changes of raiment.'

"All faults that *may be nam'd*": — So the second folio; the first, "of all faults that *name*."

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ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 202. "With *rocks* unscaleable": — The folio, "With *Oakes* unskaleable." The context leaves no doubt as to the propriety of Hanmer's change.

p. 203. "—— *We do say, then, to Cæsar*": — The folio has, by the mere carelessness of punctuation so common in it, —

"whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar."

Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, —

"whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.
Clo. We do.
Cym. Say then to Cæsar," &c.

As *Cloten* accompanies the conversation between the principal personages with a running comment, this reading is very plausible. But the emphatic form, "We do say," &c., is specially appropriate here in the mouth of *Cymbeline;* and the original text cannot be safely disturbed.

" "Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*": — "Mulmucius, the sonne of Cloten, . . . got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers: and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeere of the world 3529. . . . He also made manie good lawes which were long after used called *Mulmucius lawes*, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred, King of England, and mingled in his statutes. . . . After he had established his land, he ordeined him by the advice of his lords a crown of golde, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned; . . . and bicause he was the first that bare a crowne heere in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first King of Britaine, and all the others before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours." Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 15, Ed. 1587.

p. 204. "*Which, he to seek of me again perforce,*
Behoves me keep at utterance": — i. e., he attempting to take away by force the honor which he gave me, it behoves me to keep it to the uttermost. Combats *à l'outrance*, or to the utterance, were combats to the death.

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SCENE II.

p. 204. "What *monster 's* her *accuser*": — The folio, "What *Monsters* her *accuse*," We might read, merely transposing one letter, "What *monster* her accuses," which would perfect the rhythm; and perhaps there may be some doubt as to the propriety of any change. But the objective case seems awkward here before the verb, and therefore I retain the slight alteration made by Rowe.

"As would *take in* some virtue": — i. e., as would conquer or take captive. See the Note on "take in that kingdom," *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 205. "—— *Do 't: the letter*," &c.: — These words of this speech are not in the letter of *Posthumus* to *Pisanio* which *Imogen* reads in Scene 4 of this Act, but speech and letter are substantially the same. Variations like this are not infrequent in these plays.

" "Art thou a *feodary*": — i. e., a confederate.

"Though *forfeiters* you cast in prison": — i. e., those who forfeited their sealed bonds.

p. 206. "—— could not *be cruel to me, so as you*," &c.: — The folio prints this passage thus: — "Justice, &c. . . . could not be *so cruel* to me, *as you:* (O dearest of creatures) would even renew me," &c. The style of the note is constrained, in keeping with the mood of the writer; but the obscurity of this text is plainly due to some corruption. Pope read, "Justice . . . could not be so cruel to me *but* you," &c.; Malone, "Justice . . . could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures would *not* renew me," &c.; Mr. Knight, "Justice . . . could not be so cruel to me, *an* you [i. e., if you] O dearest," &c. But I think that there has been no worse corruption than a transposition of 'so' by accident, or, perhaps, sophistical design. The passage with this alteration needs no explanation. Perhaps "even" is a misprint for 'ever.'

" "—— and speak *thick*": — i. e., rapidly. See the Note on "And speaking thick," *Henry the Fourth*, Part First, Act II. Sc. 3.

" "How many *score* of miles": — The folio has, "How many *store*," &c., and "*rid*" at the end of the line. In the second folio, both errors were corrected.

SCENE III.

p. 207. "—— *Stoop*, boys": — The folio misprints, "*Sleepe* Boyes," which obvious misprint was left to be corrected by Hanmer.

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p. 207. "—— that giants may *jet* through": — i. e., strut, swagger through. See the Note "begins to jut," *Richard the Third*, Act II. Sc. 4.

" "And keep their impious *turbands* on": — Of old giants were generally supposed to be Turks or Saracens; and the consequent costume assigned to them has but recently disappeared from story-books.

p. 208. "Richer than doing nothing for a *bribe*": — The folio, "for a *babe*" — a manifest misprint. Rowe read, "for a bauble," which, as this word was spelled *bable*, supposes a trifling misprint, and is strongly supported by these lines quoted by Malone from Drayton's *Owle*: —

> "When euen the greatest things in the world unstable,
> Clyme but to fall and damned for a bable."

But this change agrees ill with the first and controlling word in the line, which implies a more substantial reward than a bauble; and therefore Hanmer's emendation is the more acceptable.

" "A prison *for* a debtor": — The folio, "*or* a debtor" — a trifling misprint, corrected by Pope.

p. 210. "I' th' cave *wherein they bow*": — The folio, "*whereon the Bowe*." The correction was made by Warburton.

Scene IV.

p. 212. "—— Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting": — The figure here approaches extravagance; yet not more nearly than that in the following speech of Act IV. Sc. 2: —

> "No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
> *Who is thy grandfather*: he made those clothes
> *Which, as it seems, make thee*."

Dr. Johnson, not quick at apprehending the fanciful, remarks upon the passage under consideration, "Some jay of Italy, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense painting may not improperly be termed her mother." "Painting" has also been supposed to mean picture, portrait; i. e., mother and daughter were alike. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*Who smothers her with* painting," as to which see *Shakespeare's Scholar*, pp. 44–48.

p. 213. "Something 's *afore 't*": — The folio, "Some thing 's *a-foot*" — a trifling misprint, corrected by Rowe.

p. 214. "—— Posthumus [*thou*] that did'st set up": —

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"Thou" was supplied by Steevens. It may be accepted with more propriety than most of his additions, because without it the rhythm of the line lacks something more than a mere syllable.

p. 214. "That now thou *tir'st* on":—To tire is to feed with sharp appetite. See the Note on "upon that were my thoughts tiring," *Timon of Athens*, Act III. Sc. 6.

" "I'll wake mine eye-balls [*blind*] first":—'Blind' was added to the text by Hanmer. Both sense and rhythm require it.

p. 215. "*With that harsh*," &c.:—From this line something has been surely lost; but no addition is needed to perfect the sense.

p. 216. "*Pretty, and full of view*":—Here 'pretty' seems to be used as a sort of diminutive of proper, suitable, as "my daughter 's of a pretty age,"—i. e., to be married. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 3. The reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*Privy* and full of view," is merely specious.

" "Woman *it* pretty self)":—'It' for 'its.' See the Note on "it's folly, it's tenderness," *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 217. "—— (which *you'll* make him know":—The folio, "which *will* make," &c.

" "—— *Your* means abroad":—Perhaps we should read, "*For* means abroad." But as the text stands, *Iachimo* anticipates a query which would naturally arise in the mind of *Imogen*.

SCENE V.

p. 219. "—— She *looks us* like":—i. e., she seems to us like. The folio omits the *s* from "looks."

" "—— to th' *loud'st* noise we make":—The folio, "to th' *loud of* noise," &c., where 'of' is most probably a misprint of *st*, as Rowe supposed.

SCENE VI.

p. 224. "Enter *Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*":—Here the folio begins a new scene—*Scena Septima*: but the division is not only needless, but distracting; and it has been generally disregarded.

p. 226. "I bid for you *as I do buy*":—Perhaps Shakespeare wrote "as I *would* buy," as Hanmer read. But the purport of both readings is the same.

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p. 226. "—— then had my *prize*
Been less": — 'Prize' and 'price' were used of old without that clear distinction which is now made between them; and the same is true of 'ballast' and 'balance.'

p. 227. "Since *Leonatus false*": — i. e., since Leonatus is false.

SCENE VII.

p. 228. "Must be *suppliant*": — The rhythm of the line makes the meaning of 'suppliant' instantly clear, by throwing the accent upon the second syllable.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

" "—— yet this *imperceiverant* thing": — i. e., this creature who cannot perceive, this stupid thing. Mr. Dyce, I believe, first showed that the "imperseverant" of the folio was a mere phonographic spelling of 'imperceiverant.'

" "—— who may, *happely*": — The folio, "who may *happily*." See the Note on this word, *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

p. 230. "*Cowards father cowards*": — This line and the next are printed in quotation marks in the folio. See the Note on "Achievement is command," *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 231. "—— he *cut our roots*": — This half line and the remainder of the speech is assigned to *Arviragus* in the folio, by manifest error.

" "His *perishing* root": — i. e., his root which causes to perish; 'perish' being used actively.

p. 233. "—— for *th' effect* of judgment": — The folio, "for *defect* of judgment." This is clearly wrong; for the purport of the passage is, that *Cloten*, when *Belarius* knew him, was indifferent to danger on account of his youthful ignorance. Hanmer read, —

"for defect of judgment
Is oft the *cure* of fear,"

regardless of the incongruity between a negative condition an active remedial agent. The misprint seems to have been due to the easy mistaking of *th*, pronounced as *t*, for *d*.

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p. 234. "*For* we do fear the law": — i. e., because we do fear the law.

" "—— Though his *humour*": — The folio, "his honour" — a manifest and not uncommon error, which Theobald detected.

p. 236. "—— *how* thyself thou blazon'st": — The folio, "*thou* thyselfe," &c., which was left for Malone to correct.

p. 237. "—— thy sluggish *crare*": — The folio, "thy sluggish *care*." Simpson made the correction. A crare was a small, slow vessel.

p. 238. "—— the *ruddock*": — i. e., the redbreast.

" "*As once our mother*": — Pope struck out 'to,' which appears in the folio before 'mother.'

p. 239. "—— we must *lay his head to th' east*": — What was *Belarius'* "reason" for this disposition of the body in the ground I have been unable to discover.

" "*Fear no more the heat o' th' sun*": — Can any person familiar with the cast of Shakespeare's thought, the turn of his phrases, and the rhythm of his verse, believe that this song is his? It could hardly be at once tamer, more pretentious, and less suited to the characters. What did *Guiderius* and *Arviragus*, bred from infancy in the forest, know about "chimney sweepers"? How foreign to their characters to moralize on "the sceptre, learning, physic"! Will any reader of Shakespeare, who loves him with knowledge, believe that after he was out of Stratford grammar school he wrote such couplets as those which close the staves of this song? Has he, throughout his works, given us reason to believe, on any evidence short of his own hand and seal, that he would make these two simple lads sing over the body of their adopted stripling brother whom they are about to bury in the primeval forest,--

> "Quiet consummation have;
> And *renowned be thy grave!*"

See the Introduction.

" "Nor th' all-dreaded *thunder-stone*": — This expression, which implies a belief that the discharge of a stone accompanies a flash of lightning, seems very strange to us; and yet we talk of a thunder-bolt.

p. 240. "*No exorciser*": — 'Exorcise' was commonly used in Shakespeare's time to mean the raising of spirits. Minsheu, Florio, and Cotgrave, all define it as synonymous with 'conjure.'

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p. 241. "For *so* I thought": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, plausibly, "For *lo* I thought," &c.

" "—— that *irregulous* devil": — i. e., that reckless devil; "irregulous" meaning unrestrained by any law.

" "This is Pisanio's deed, and *Cloten's*": — The folio has the trifling misprint, "and *Cloten*."

p. 242. "*They are* in readiness": — The folio, "They are *here* in readiness." But, as Mr. Dyce has remarked, the transcriber or compositor repeated 'here' by mistake.

" "—— *the confiners*": — "Confiner. A borderer, one who lives on the confines of another country." Nares.

" "*Sienna's* brother": — An error. Sienna was a republic, and had no prince.

SCENE III.

p. 245. "*And will*, no doubt, be found": — i. e., "and he will," &c.; the pronoun being omitted according to a common license of Shakespeare's day.

p. 246. "I *heard* no letter": — Possibly we should read, 'I *had* no letter.' But in ordinary conversation we say, 'I have not heard a line.'

SCENE IV.

" "What pleasure, sir, *find we* in life": — The folio, "*we finde* in life." The correction was made in the second folio.

p. 247. "—— *the* Roman horses neigh": — The folio has the unimportant misprint, "*their* Roman horses," &c.

" "—— *what thing is 't:*" — i. e., what a thing it is.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 248. "—— for *I wish'd*": — The folio, "For I *am* wish'd." Pope made the correction, which is supported by the sense and rhythm of the passage.

p. 249. "Had liv'd to *put on* this": — i. e., to set on, to instigate this.

" "—— each *elder* worse": — Were it not that, as Malone suggested, the author may have here regarded the later ill as the elder, I should read, 'each *ill the* worse,' according to Zachary Jackson's suggestion.

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Such a use of the comparative as, 'each worse than the other,' 'each uglier than the other,' is common, idiomatic, and expressive.

p. 249. "And make them *dreaded*, to the doer's thrift": — i. e., 'And make the evil deeds of these men awaken a dread of the doers, which enables them to go on with impunity in their selfish wickedness.' The folio has, "And make them *dread it*," &c. I have little hesitation in adopting Theobald's emendation, which is based upon a typographical error easily made. Among several suggested corrections, no other seems worthy of notice.

SCENE II.

p. 250. "—— or could this *carl*": — i. e., this churl; the two words were originally the same.

SCENE III.

p. 252. "*Close by the battle*": — This incident of the arrest of the British rout by *Belarius* is taken from Holinshed's Chronicle of Scotland, in which it is told of the Hays, father and sons, said to be the ancestors of the noble family of Hay.

" "So long *a breeding*": — i. e., so long a life. His service to his country made him worthy of the great age indicated by his beard.

" "—— the way which they *stoop'd* eagles": — The folio, "*stopt* eagles," and in the next line, "*the* victors made" — misprints hardly worth notice.

p. 253. "The mortal *bugs*": — i. e., the mortal terrors.

p. 254. "—— in a *silly habit*": — i. e., an unpretending, simple habit. Rustics were of old called silly swains.

" "*Enter Cymbeline*," &c.: — This is one of those inexplicable dumb shows to which *Hamlet* refers. I doubt whether the latter part of this Scene — from the end of *Posthumus*' description of the battle — is by Shakespeare.

SCENE IV.

p. 255. "*Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy*," &c.: — i. e., the gyves were worn more with willingness than from constraint. The remainder of the sentence is somewhat obscure, and possibly corrupt. It seems, however, unmistakably to mean, 'If to satisfy, i. e., if expiation, is the main part, the most important requisite, to my freedom of conscience, take no stricter render of me than my all, i. e., my life.' *Posthumus* goes on to expand this

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thought. I believe that the passage stands as it was originally written.

p. 256. "*Solemn music*," &c.: — It is almost needless to say to any careful reader of these plays that this dumb show and the succeeding speeches of the characters in it are not Shakespeare's work.

p. 258. "—— *look out*": — The folio repeats, 'look;' accidentally without a doubt.

p. 259. "—— *A book*": — It was not a volume but a single leaf. Of old any writing was called a book.

p. 261. "—— *or take* upon yourself": — The folio, accidentally, "or *to* take," &c.

" "—— or *jump* the after inquiry": — i. e., take the risk of the after inquiry. So *Macbeth* says, "we'd jump the life to come."

p. 262. "—— I never saw one so *prone*": — i. e., so bent on a downward course, so headlong.

SCENE V.

p. 263. "Arise, my *knights o' th' battle*": — Knighthood given upon the field was eminently honorable.

p. 264. "—— a *mortal mineral*": — There can be little doubt that the slow poisons of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were all preparations of white arsenic, the mortal mineral still most effectual for the poisoner's purposes.

" "—— that heard her flattery": — The folio, "that *heare*," &c.

p. 265. "So *feat*": — i. e., so clever, or rather so handy.

" "—— I know not why [*nor*] wherefore": — 'Nor,' necessary to the sense, was supplied by Rowe. The foregoing line seems to have been mutilated.

p. 267. "*One sand another*," &c.: — The comparison in this sentence is imperfectly expressed; but it cannot be misunderstood; and I do not doubt that we have it as it was originally written.

" "But we *saw* him dead": — The folio, "But we *see*," &c.

p. 268. "—— or *straight-pight* Minerva": — i. e., straight-pitched, strait-built Minerva.

p. 269. "(O cunning, how I got [*it*])": — 'It,' omitted in the first folio, was added in the second.

p. 271. "Think that *you are upon a rock*": — A passage of impenetrable obscurity. There is probably a corruption of all the last five words. "Rock" may be a misprint

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of 'neck;' and perhaps the original words were something like 'Think she's upon your neck.' No explanation has been given that is worth repeating.

p. 273. "—— I am *sorry* for thee": — The first folio, "I am *sorrow*," &c., which was corrected in the second.

" "Had ever *scarre* for": — So the folio, which reading has been hitherto regarded as but the old spelling of "Had ever scar for," and understood as meaning, had ever received wounds in endeavoring to merit. But *Cloten* had received no wounds in the king's cause; he was killed before hostilities commenced. We have here, it would seem, the same word which has made so much trouble in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 2, "men make hopes in such a scarre." See the Supplementary Notes upon that passage.

p. 274. "*Your pleasure was my mere offence*": — i. e., my offence existed merely in your caprice. The folio misprints "*neere* offence," which manifest error was left for Tyrwhitt's correction.

p. 276. "When *you* were so indeed": — The folio, "When *we*," &c. Possibly Rowe erred in making the change.

" "—— This *fierce abridgment*": — i. e., this impetuously, hastily uttered, abridgment of your story.

" "How parted with your *brothers?*" — The folio has the insignificant misprint, "your *Brother*."

" "Will serve our long *inter'gatories*": — In the folio, "our long *interrogatories*." But the rhythm makes it plain that we should read, 'inter'gatories,' as in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Sc. 1, "and charge us there upon inter'gatories."

p. 278. "*Whenas a lion's whelp*": — This scroll and the four following speeches are, in my judgment, plainly not from Shakespeare's pen, which, however, I trace again in the last lines of the play.

" "Is *thy* most constant wife": — The folio, "Is *this*," a not uncommon misprint. The Soothsayer here manifestly addresses *Posthumus* again, and the pronoun is required as an antecedent to 'who,' which else must refer to *Cymbeline*, who was not embraced by *Imogen*; and if he had been, "the letter of the oracle" would not have been thereby fulfilled.

p. 279. "Of *yet this* scarce cold battle": — The third folio, "Of *this yet* scarce," &c., which modernization of the text has been hitherto received. The reading of the first folio is in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's time.

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PERICLES.

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"The late, And much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609." 4to. 35 leaves. [COLLIER.

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PERICLES

INTRODUCTION.

THE double perplexity of the man of the immortal jest, who said to the partner of his bosom, "I hear so much about the age of pericles: my dear, what are pericles?" may well be shared by the editor of this play. We do not know exactly what it is, or when it was produced; and there appears to be no reason to suppose that our knowledge as to its origin will ever be increased. The romance of *Apollonius Tyrius*, upon which *Pericles* is founded, appears to be of remote antiquity. It is less a story than a series of stories rudely interwoven; and in its narrative, as well as its dramatic form, is no less devoid of unity of interest than of unity of time and place. Its long preservation and frequent repetition must be attributed to the popular fondness for the horrible and the marvellous. It exists in Latin manuscripts of very great age: some critics have concluded that it was written as early as the sixth century; and one is inclined to regard even its Latin form as a translation from the Greek. It was rendered into Saxon, (of course, when that was a living language,) and the subsequent versions are very numerous.* We have interest only in two of them. The first is that given by Gower in the eighth Book of his *Confessio Amantis;* the second, a translation made from the Latin by Laurence Twine, and published at London in 1576, with the title *The Patterne of painfull Adventures*. It was from these versions of the ancient story that the incidents of the following play were taken.

The events and their succession are the same in tale, poem, and play. And so with the characters; several names, even, are common to the three works. Whether Gower's poem or

* See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, &c., Vol. II. p. 135–144.

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Twine's translation was most used, it is perhaps impossible to determine; but that the playwright was familiar with the former is clear from his introduction of the old poet as presenter, or chorus; and that he should have been unacquainted with a publication upon the same subject so recent as the latter is in the highest degree improbable. Considering, however, that the wife of *Apollonius*, called *Lucina* in the tale, is nameless in the poem, and that her daughter's name, *Thaisa*, is transferred to her in the play, and also the occurrence of the name *Lychorida*, in both the poem and the play, but not in the tale, we may infer that it was upon the poem that the play was chiefly based. The introduction of Gower, too, as the connecting link between the Acts of the play indicates both a more immediate dependence upon the poem, and a consciousness that it was well known to the reading public of the day.

But by whom and when the play was written is not to be so easily discovered. The external evidence upon which it may be attributed to Shakespeare is not strong. In fact it resolves itself merely into the presence of his name upon the title page of two editions published during his life, and the absence of any known denial of the authorship by him or on his part. It was mentioned as his, in a passing way, by two verse writers of the seventeenth century; but in the earlier instance, not until thirty years after his death; * and in both the only authority for the assertion may be safely assumed to have been the presence of his name upon the title page of all the editions — six in number — then known. This would have been deemed quite sufficient at that period, and at that distance of time from Shakespeare's day. In a similar case, would it not even now be so regarded?

The next supposed witness in favor of Shakespeare's authorship is Dryden, who, in the Prologue which he wrote to Charles D'Avenant's *Circe*, acted in 1675, has these lines: —

> "Your Ben and Fletcher in their first young flight
> Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
> But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
> From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
> And each was guilty of some slighted maid.

* In *Times Displayed in Six Sestiads*, by S. Shepherd, 1646, and in verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to R. Brome's *Jovial Crew*, 1652.

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Shakespeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
'Tis miracle to see a first good play
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas day."

This passage has been almost universally regarded as a declaration by Dryden that, in his belief, *Pericles* was Shakespeare's earliest work. But if evidence of this kind is to be taken, we have it of the very best directly to the contrary of Dryden's statement. For the dramatist himself says, in the dedication of *Venus and Adonis*, that that poem was "the first heir of his invention;" and therefore it is certainly not true that "Shakespeare's own muse his Pericles *first* bore." But the truth about this passage seems to be, that Dryden meant to give no evidence about *Pericles*, even upon information and belief. He was merely illustrating the truth that genius itself, however great, passes through the unformed period of youth; and accepting the evidence of the last edition of Shakespeare's works, 1664, which included *Pericles*, he selected that, as at once the poorest play, and the most antique in plan and style, to contrast it with *Othello*, which, if not the best, is one of the best of its author's productions, and certainly the one which has the least mark of antiquity in its construction and its language.

Dryden's statement being set aside, there is really no other external evidence of Shakespeare's authorship of this play than the presence of his name on the old title pages; and that is of no weight. The same exists as to his having written *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal* and *A Yorkshire Tragedie*—plays in which no competent critic has been able to trace even his prentice hand. We are therefore thrown entirely upon internal evidence to rebut the serious presumption against Shakespeare's authorship of this play, which is warranted by its absence from the first folio, and (if it were an early production) its absence also from Meres' enumeration, from which *Titus Andronicus* was not omitted. Upon an examination of the play itself, the decision seems unavoidable, that Shakespeare neither constructed it nor cast the characters. Compared in these respects with his earliest dramatic works—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and those parts of *Henry the Sixth* which are taken from *The First Part of the Contention*, &c., and *The True Tragedy*, &c.—this play must be

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set aside as exhibiting not even the germs of the dramatic skill and knowledge of human nature which appear in them. In poetic merit the greater part of it is equally inferior to and unlike his work. Close criticism in support of these points would be quite superfluous. The man who reads all of Shakespeare's plays, or attains a moderate familiarity with most of them, and then reads *Pericles* without reaching these conclusions unaided, may rest assured that as far as the discrimination of style is concerned he is beyond the reach of critical assistance. At the same time there are passages in *Pericles* — in all parts of it — which are not only, as Hallam says, more in Shakespeare's manner than in that of any contemporary writer, but which, (so absolutely unlike is Shakespeare's style to that of any other poet,) it is safe to say, could have come from no other pen than his. These passages vary in length from three or four lines to speeches, dialogues, and whole Scenes. The shortest (with one exception — *Pericles*' soliloquy, which opens Scene 2 of Act I., which is unmistakably Shakespeare's) are in the first two Acts, through which they are sparsely scattered; in the third Act they increase in importance and in frequency; and in the fourth and fifth the master manifests himself continuously, or with rare intervals. And wherever we trace Shakespeare in this play we also find yet other invalidation of the supposed opinion of Dryden as to its authorship; for it is not Shakespeare's youthful, but his well-matured and most clearly pronounced manner in which these passages are written. The supposition that they were added by him in the height of his reputation to a performance of his early years of authorship is hardly worth consideration, for the reason just assigned, that the composition which they embellish is in every respect inferior and dissimilar to his work at any period of his life. Considering all the evidence, it therefore seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that *Pericles* is a play which, planned, and mostly or wholly written, by another dramatist, Shakespeare enriched throughout for the benefit of the theatre which owned it, and in which he was a shareholder.* Such a use of his talents would have been a mere compliance with the theatrical custom of his day. Naturally, as he went on with his work, he would become more interested in it; and being, as Ben Jonson says, "sufflimandus," once stimulated to production, it was about as easy for him to write the comic scenes

* This opinion was elaborately set forth by Steevens.

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in the third Act, and those of serious cast in the fourth and fifth, as not to do it.*

When *Pericles* was originally written we do not know; but it was quite surely some time before Shakespeare became a playwright. It may have been, and very probably was, a stock piece in the possession of the Globe Theatre in some form for many years before he touched it. But it appears to have been brought out with his additions in 1607 or 1608. For in the lat-

* Certain resemblances in this drama to well-known passages in undisputed works of Shakespeare support the opinion that he had a hand in giving it its present form; the likeness, for instance, of the following passage from the first chorus of Act III. to *Oberon's* last speeches in Midsummer Night's Dream.

"*Gow.* Now sleep yslacked hath the rout;
No din but snore the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded; — be attent."

So the likeness of the following passage in the same Act to one in the first Scene of *The Tempest:* —

"*Enter two* Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.
1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.
2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition."

Again, that of the following lines, in Act V. Sc. 1, to a well-known speech of *Viola's* in *Twelfth Night:* —

"*Per.* Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience. gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?"

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ter year it was entered on the Stationers' Register by Edward Blount, though it was not published, that we know of, until 1609, and then by Henry Gosson. On the title page of the edition of this date it is called "The late and much admired play;" and on that of a book published in the previous year it has the same distinction.

This book is "*The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre.* Being the true History of the Play of Pericles as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet Iohn Gower." London, 1608. It was written by George Wilkins, who wrote *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, a play entered on the Stationers' Register, and published in 1607. Attention was first directed to this singular production by Mr. Collier, I believe; and it has been republished with a learned introduction by Professor Tycho Mommsen, from a perfect copy discovered in the public library of Zurich. From the language of the title page of this book, the fact that the Argument is followed by a list of "the names of the personages," which conforms, with a single trifling omission, to the Dramatis Personæ of the play, and the striking conformity of the language of the two productions in certain passages, it has not unreasonably been conjectured that Wilkins made up his story in part from notes taken at the performance of *Pericles*. But although he may have done so, it seems quite improbable that with Twine's version of the old romance and Gower's poem both within his reach, he should have been at the trouble to take down the play in short hand. But if there were an earlier play which had been printed, or the manuscript of which was accessible, and which Shakespeare had enriched, revived, and brought into new favor, it would have been a very natural course for him to avail himself of that old play as well as of Gower's poem and Twine's translation, the title of which, it will be seen, he preserves. This, rather than the former, I am inclined to think, was the mode in which Wilkins prepared his pamphlet, the appearance of which, however, in 1608, with the reference to the late play upon its title page, is confirmatory of the other evidence that the *Pericles* of the following pages was a new and favorite play in that year.

The text of *Pericles* has not reached us in any authentic form. It exists in six quarto editions, 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635, and 1639; and it was printed in the third folio, 1664, where, however, it was given only as it was found in one of the quarto

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copies. Of these copies it appears to be difficult to decide which is most corrupt; but the best critics and most careful collaters seem to be agreed that it is not the earliest. All, however, are so much corrupted as to be in need of emendation in almost every other line, and all have suffered mutilation. The text of no other of these plays has come down to us in such a dilapidated condition. In fact, restoration short of rewriting is hopeless in various passages, and has of necessity to be abandoned. Such being the condition of a play which has less intrinsic merit and interest than any other in this collection, the editor has thought it needless to record all the multitude of its various readings, which, in fact, are not readings, but mere accidental collocations of words or letters. Slight errors, also, such as 'that' for 'hath,' superfluous or deficient final *s's*, and manifestly redundant or lacking prepositions, pronouns, articles, and the like, have not even been noticed. Indeed, no variation of text which does not materially affect the sense of a passage is brought to the reader's attention, while reasonably probable emendations have been accepted from all quarters.*

As to the period of action and the costume of this play, they are quite indeterminable, and doubtless in the author's minds were quite indeterminate.

* For the collations in this play, the editor is indebted to Malone and to the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of* Antioch.
PERICLES, *Prince of* Tyre.
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of* Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of* Pentapolis.
CLEON, *Governor of* Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of* Mitylene.
CERIMON, *a Lord of* Ephesus.
THALIARD, *a Lord of* Antioch.
PHILEMON, *Servant to* Cerimon.
LEONINE, *Servant to* Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pander.
BOULT, *his* Servant.

The Daughter *of* Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *Wife to* Cleon.
THAISA, *Daughter to* Simonides.
MARINA, *Daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to* Marina.
A Bawd, *Wife to the* Pander.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen *and* Messengers, &c.

DIANA.
GOWER, *as* Presenter.

SCENE: *dispersedly in various Countries.*

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Enter GOWER.

GOWER.

TO sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light. —
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,

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The fairest in all Syria;
I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father, to entice his own
To evil should be done by none!
By custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So, for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, *and* Attendants.

Antiochus. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Pericles. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul

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Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections. [*Music.*

Enter the Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles, —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon' sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

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Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yond' field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see Heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do:
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the* Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daughter. Of all, 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all, 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed;

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I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers,
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw Heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

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The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the Earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;
But I will glose with him. [*To him.*] Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shews we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his* Daughter, *and* Attendants.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

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Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light:
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murther's as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thaliard. Doth your Highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;

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We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. —
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Messenger. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.
[*Exit* Messenger.
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your Highness.
[*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu. — Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*As he enters.*] Let none disturb us. — Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet?

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Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done:
And so with me: — the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them)
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable.

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Helicanus. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When Signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise;
Sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and Heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid.
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

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Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
[ ]
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine — if I may call 't — offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it —
Hel. Alas, sir!

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Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then; and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou shew'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the Court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous. — Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. — Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Farther to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the King gone?

Hel. If farther yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch —

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To shew his sorrow he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;

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But since he 's gone, the King's ears it must please:
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the seas. —
I'll present myself. — [*To them.*] Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, *and* Attendants.

Cleon. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dionyza. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep

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Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That if Heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not us'd to savour hunger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who to nousle up their babes
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

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So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat;

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Who makes the fairest shew means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go, tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load:
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

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Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

GOWER.

HERE have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll shew you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Shew.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the* Train *with them. Enter, at another door, a* Gentleman *with a letter to* PERICLES: PERICLES *shews the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exeunt severally,* PERICLES, CLEON, *and their* Trains.

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Good Helicane that stay'd at home,
(Not to eat honey like a drone,
From others' labours; for-thy he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,)
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came, full bent with sin
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease,
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea Side.

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;

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And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen. PERICLES *retires.*

1 *Fisherman.* What, ho, Pilch!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounc'd and tumbl'd? they say, they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do o' land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

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3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind ——

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect! —
[*Coming forward.*
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

[ ]

Per. May see, the sea hath cast upon your coast —

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

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2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth'a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the* Fishermen.

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our King, the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

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1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for [ ] his wife's soul.

The two Fishermen *return, drawing up a net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't; 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life:)
"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;" (and pointed to this brace)
"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
(The which the gods protect thee from!) it may defend thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,

Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage; though, calm'd, have given 't again.
I thank thee for 't: my shipwrack now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's Court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on 't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. —
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the Court myself.

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Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Simonides. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like Beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.
Thaisa. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.
Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which Heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.
Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

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And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second* Knight *passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*

[*The third* Knight *passes over.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth* Knight *passes over.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shews that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The fifth* Knight *passes over.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth* Knight *passes over.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch that's only green at top:
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral:

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From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward shew
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.
2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.
3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts within, and all cry,* The mean knight!

Scene III.

The Same. A Hall of State. — A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

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To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yond 's your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir; sit.
Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.
Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman:
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Yon' king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;

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Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them;
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father! it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

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Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And farther tell him, we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.
Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you, —
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And, farther, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre, — my name, Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms, —
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
[ ]
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The* Knights *dance.*

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So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deni'd
Of your fair courtesy. —
[*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.] Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! — Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

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When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escanes. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This King were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See! not a man, in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me, then. — Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. — Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,

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Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield:
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then, you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter; the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

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That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt* Knights.

Sim. So,
They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: — nay, how absolute she's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

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Sim. Let me ask one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be: therefore, look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?
A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. —
[*To him.*] O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not,
Never did thought of mine levy offence:
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your Court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;

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And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No! —
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory? —
[*Aside.*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.
[*To her.*] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*aside.*] who, for aught I know,
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you —
Man and wife. —
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for farther grief, — God give you joy! —
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What! are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

GOWER.

NOW sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. — Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb shew.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter:* PERICLES *shews it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES. *Then, enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES *shews his* Daughter *the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and all depart.*

By many a dearn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,

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Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the Court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, — the tenour these: —
Antiochus and his daughter dead:
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but Fortune's mood
Varies again: the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:

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And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

A Ship at Sea.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both Heaven and Hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how, Lychorida,
How does my Queen? — Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. — Lychorida! — Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my Queen's travail! — Now, Lychorida ——

Enter LYCHORIDA *with an* Infant.

Lychorida. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die as I

Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead Queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your Queen, —
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. — Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? — Blow, and split thyself.

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2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your Queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observ'd, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. — Most wretched Queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. — O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus! —
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

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Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. — Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.

Enter CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some shipwrecked* Persons.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Philemon. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.
[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, *and the rest.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* Good morrow.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,

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And all-to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And can speak of the disturbances that Nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the Fool and Death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

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Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two Servants *with a chest.*

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set it down; let 's look upon 't.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd.
Did the sea cast it up?
Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it up on shore.
Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft! — it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
Cer. — As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse?
1 *Gent.* Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With bags full of spices! A passport too:
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!
[*Unfolds a scroll.*

"*Here I give to understand,* [*Reads.*
(*If e'er this coffin drive a-land,*)
I, King Pericles, have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost.

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Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! — This chanc'd to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks. — They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet. [*Exit a* Servant.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian,
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

Enter Servants, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths. —
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more; — how thou stirr'st, thou block! —
The music there! — I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This Queen will live: nature awakes: a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The Heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds

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Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creäture,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1 *Gent.* Most rare?
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying out* THAISA.

SCENE III.

Tharsus. A Room in CLEON's House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *bearing* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.
Dion. O your sweet Queen!
That the strict Fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

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Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be manner'd as she 's born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I shew ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace even to the edge o' th' shore;
Then give you up to the vast Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of Heaven.

Per. I will embrace

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Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. — O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears!
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. — Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon *and* Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer, which are
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yeaning time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

GOWER.

IMAGINE Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire:
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite: this maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen

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Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murtherer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way. —
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murtherer. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza *and* Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'Tis but a blow which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' th' world so soon,

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To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leonine. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
She comes weeping for her only nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Marina. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour 's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come;
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant

Dion. Come, come;
I love the King your father, and yourself,

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With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is the wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was North.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse saith, did never fear,
But cri'd "good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, hauling ropes,
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"

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And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshew
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it shew'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

[Scene II.—Malone.]

LEONINE *returns.*

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see farther;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

[Scene III.—Malone.]

Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants: we lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

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Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as, I think, I have brought up some eleven ——

Boult. Ay, to a leaven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[*Exit* BOULT.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over —

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come; other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Enter BOULT, *and the* Pirates *with* MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece,

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you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* Boult.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! —
He should have struck, not spoke; — or that these pirates
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

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Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up. — Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listen'd to me as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proc-

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lamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint, —

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

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Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclin'd. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

[Scene IV.—Malone.]

Tharsus. A Room in CLEON's House.

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' th' justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too.
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

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Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well;
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

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Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for 't;
Making — to take your imagination —
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This King to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

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Dumb shew.

Enter PERICLES *with his* Train *at one door;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shews* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and, in a mighty passion, departs.*

See how belief may suffer by foul shew!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
show'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

"*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,*
Who wither'd in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th' Earth:
Therefore the Earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the Heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered

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By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

[Scene V. — Malone.]

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No; nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

[Scene VI. — Malone.]

The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kind-

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ness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lysimachus. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth. [*Exit* BOULT.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

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Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; — never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. — Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To* MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the Governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* BOULT.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

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Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the Governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? — Some more; — be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, —
O that the gods

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Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' th' purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear
From me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
Sink, and overwhelm you. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

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Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers, too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors. — Marry hang you! — She's born to undo us. — Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master; or rather, my mistress.

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Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of Hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou do'st. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are better yet than this;
For [that] which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he [but] speak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain [aught] by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst

them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

GOWER.

MARINA thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubi'd cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea: we there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight

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Of heavy Pericles: think this his bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclining on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyrian Sailor. Where's the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the* Sailor *of Mitylene.*
O, here he is. —
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the Governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
Greet them fairly.

[Gentlemen *and* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords, *attended by the Tyrian* Gentlemen, *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

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Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, [sir,] to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a belov'd daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him, then?
Hel. You may,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES *discovered.*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that one mortal night
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir King, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene I durst wager
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

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She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant* Lords, *who leaves the ship.*

Hel. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which, if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. — Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your King's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you; —
But see, I am prevented.

The Lord *returns with* MARINA, *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed. —
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

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If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[LYS., HEL., *and* Lords *retire.*

MARINA *sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear. —

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

[PERICLES *pushes her away.*

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. — [*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

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Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. —
You are like something that — What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my Queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. — Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe.
Mar. If I should tell my history, 'twould seem
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Did'st thou not say, when I did push thee back,

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(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou had'st been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou [them]? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir.
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, —
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;

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But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy? —
Motion? — Well; speak on. Where were you born,
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little.
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be:
My daughter 's buri'd. — Well: — where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The King, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murther me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? may be
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;

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I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buri'd at Tharsus,
And found at sea again. — O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina. —
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now,
My drown'd Queen's name, — as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, — thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than

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To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessings on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge
She is thy very Princess. — Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the Governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you. —
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O Heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music? —
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. — But what music? —

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear? [*Music.*

Lys. My lord, I hear —

Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*He sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head.
So leave him all. — Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and* Lady.

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[Scene II.—Malone.]

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *in a vision.*

Diana. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea did'st lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy: by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter GOWER, *before the temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feasts, what shews,
What minstrelsy and pretty din
The regent made in Mitylen,
To greet the King. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

[Scene III.—Malone.]

The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, *with his* Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;

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Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, who at fourteen years
He sought to murther, but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! —
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [*She faints.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies: help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady. — O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here, in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

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But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better. —
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The King, my father, gave you such a ring.
[*Shews a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina.
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, Madam, and my Queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation!

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Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man
Through whom the gods have shewn their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shewn you all was found with her;
How she came plac'd here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision! [I]
Will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.

Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my Queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold. — Sir, lead 's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

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Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his Queen, and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, and loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murther seemed so content
To punish [them,] although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

 [*Exit.*

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NOTES ON PERICLES.

ACT FIRST.

p. 309. "—— and holy-*ales*":—The old copies, "holy *dayes*." Farmer proposed the correction. Ales were festivals.

" "The *purchase* is," &c.:—i. e., that which is obtained by reading the tale is, &c.

p. 310. "—— took a *fere*":—The old copies, "a *Peere*"—a mere misprint for 'pheere.'

" "*By* custom":—The old copies, "But custom." Malone's correction.

" "*As yon grim looks do testify*":—Alluding to the heads of those who had failed to guess the riddle. So in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
> That what man that his daughter axeth,
> But if he couthe his question
> Assoile upon suggestion
> Of certein thinges that befelle,
> The which he wold unto him telle
> He shuld in certein lese his hede.
> And thus there were many dede
> Her hedes stonding on the gate
> Till ate laste long and late
> For lack of answere in this wise."

Scene I.

p. 311. "*Bring in our daughter*":—The old editions have, "*Musicke*, bring in," &c.,—where Malone saw that 'Musick' is a stage direction, which crept into the text.

" "—— *her mild companion*":—i. e., the companion of her, mild; 'mild' qualifying 'her,' not companion.

" "—— a *boundless* happiness":—Rowe corrected the old misprint, "*bondless*."

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p. 311. "—— this fair *Hesperides*": — Here, as probably in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 3, the Hesperides who kept the garden are mistaken for the garden itself. (For I am inclined to question the explanation given of that passage in the Note upon it.) This identity of error might indicate community of origin, were it not that the same mistake was committed by other writers of Shakespeare's time.

"*Yon' sometime famous princes*": — See the Note above on "As yon grim looks," &c.

p. 312. "Of all, '*say'd yet*": — i. e., of all who have assayed yet.

p. 314. "*Copp'd* hills": — i. e., hills rising to peaks, not mere undulations. Copp's Hill, in Boston, is believed to be so called from one Copp, the supposed owner of the ground. But query whether it may not have been originally called Copp'd Hill?

p. 315. "Will *shun* no course": — The old editions, "Will *shew*," &c. — Malone's correction.

p. 316. "—— and, *as* an arrow," &c.: — So the folio of 1664. The 4tos., "and *like* an arrow," &c., which, perhaps, the author wrote.

Scene II.

" "*Be my* so us'd a guest": — Mr. Dyce's reading. The old copies, "*By me* so us'd," &c.

p. 317. "Whose *arm* seems far too short": — Mr. Dyce reads, "Whose *aim*," &c.

" "—— I honour *him*": — Rowe added 'him' to this otherwise imperfect line.

" "And with th' *ostent* of war": — The old copies, "the *stint*." The correction is Tyrwhitt's.

p. 318. "—— hear their faults *chid*": — The old copies have, "their faults *hid*." It was left for Mr. Dyce to make the obvious correction.

p. 319. "*Are arms to princes*," &c.: — Between this line and that which precedes it a line or more has been lost.

" "And should he *doubt it*," &c.: — Malone's reading. The first quarto, "*doo't*;" the subsequent old copies, "*think* it."

p. 320. "—— will *sure* crack both": — 'Sure' was added to the text in the folio of 1664.

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Scene III.

p. 322. "—— the King's *ears it* must please": — The old copies, "the King's *seas* must please." The reading in the text was suggested by Mr. Dyce. The old copies omit the *s* at the end of the next line.

Scene IV.

p. 323. "—— our eyes *do* weep": — The old copies, "*to* weep."

" "They may awake their *helps*": — The old editions, "their *helpers*."

" "Whose men and dames so *jetted*": — i. e., so strutted

" "—— who not *us'd to savour hunger*": — The old copies, "who not *yet* to [and "too"] *sauers younger*." The correction is Mr. Dyce's.

p. 324. "Thou speak'st like *him's* untutor'd," &c.: — i. e., like him who is, &c. This remarkable contraction is printed "hymnes" in all the old copies, according to Mr. Collier.

p. 325. "—— if he on peace *consist*": — i. e., if he stand on peace.

ACT SECOND.

p. 326. "His child, *I wis*, to incest bring": — Mr. Craik, in his *English of Shakespeare*, p. 225, says, "What they all, [the editors of Shakespeare,] I believe without exception, print, *I wis*, or *I wiss*, as if it were a verb with its nominative, is undoubtedly one word, and that an adverb, signifying certainly, probably. It ought to be written *ywis*, or *ywiss*, corresponding as it does exactly with the German *gewiss*." And Mr. Guest "believes there is not a single instance to be found in which *wiss*, or *wisse*, has been used in the sense of *to know* until modern glossarists and editors chose to give it that signification." But whatever the probability that in many cases *ywis* has been corrupted into 'I wis,' there can be no doubt that in Shakespeare's time, and even in Chaucer's, the form 'I wis' was in common use, and that 'wiss' was used even at the earlier period in the sense of to know. See these instances from Chaucer, quoted by Richardson: —

"Or thee depart I shall the so wel wisse
That of min house ne shalt thou never misse."
Frere's Tale, 6988.

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"What thing it is that women most desire,
Coude ye me wisse, I wol quite wel your hire."
Wif of Bathe's Tale, 6591.

Whatever may be the etymological history of the word, we have to deal with it only in the sense it had acquired when Shakespeare lived. Of this the passage which is the occasion of this Note is itself an unmistakable instance.

p. 326. "Thinks all is writ he *speken* can": — i. e., he can speak. Hitherto, "he *spoken* can;" but plainly the *e* was mistaken for an *o*.

p. 327. "—— *for-thy* he strive": — i. e., therefore he strives.

" "*Sends word* of all": — The old editions, "*San'd one* of all," which Steevens corrected.

" "He *doina so*": — i. e., as *Helicanus* recommended.

SCENE I.

p. 328. "What, ho, *Pilch*": — The old editions, "What *to pelch?*"

p. 329. "*May see, the sea*," &c.: — A speech or more preceding this one has manifestly been lost.

p. 330. "A man *throng'd up* with cold": — Plainly corrupt. We might plausibly read, "*shrunk* up," as Malone suggested.

" "—— we'll have flesh for *holidays*": — The old copies, "for *all day*." Malone made the change. Possibly we should read, "for *all days*," as Mason suggested. See the first Note on this play.

p. 331. "—— deal for [ ] his wife's soul": — Another mutilated passage.

p. 332. "—— from whence you had *it*:" — i. e., the garment, the armor. The old editions have, "you had *them*."

" "—— the *rapture* of the sea:" — i. e., the violent seizure. The old copies, "the *rupture* of the sea." Sewel suggested the change, which Wilkins' novel confirms. In the next line Malone read, "his *biding* on my arm." But his building is his fixure, his foundation.

" "Of a pair of *bases*": — Bases were a sort of double cloth skirt or frock which hung from the waist to about the knee.

SCENE II.

p. 333. "'Tis now your *honour*, daughter, to *explain*": — The old editions have, "to *entertain*," which Steevens cor-

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rected. It has been plausibly suggested that 'honour' in this line, and 'labour' in the next, have been transposed. But it should be noticed that the devices of the knights do not set forth their honor, but refer exclusively to the spirit in which they undertake their labor. *Thaisa*, too, replies, "Which to preserve mine *honour* I'll perform."

p. 334. "*The word, Lux tua vita mihi*": — The word is the *mot*, or motto. The Spartan knight's motto was, "Thy light is my life."

" "—— in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza*": — i. e., More by gentleness than by force. But *piu* is Italian; the Spanish for more is *mas*. The old copies have also, in both instances, *per* for *por*. This, like the former error, may be the result of a confusion of the two languages common in our old books; or it may be the mere misprint of *e* for *o*. It is worthy of note, as confirmatory of the opinion advanced in the Introduction, upon the origin of Wilkins' novel, that in that book these mottoes are otherwise distributed among the knights, and that this one, instead of being in Spanish, is in Italian. "*Pue (piu) per dolcera qui (che) per sforsa.*"

" "*Me pompæ provexit apex*": — Glory leads me on.

" "*Quod me alit, me extinguit*": — That which nourishes destroys me. The old editions and Wilkins' tale, "Qui *me*," &c.

" "*Sic spectanda fides*": — Thus faith is to be examined.

" "*In hac spe vivo*": — In this hope I live.

Scene III.

p. 336. "*By Jove, I wonder*," &c.: — In the old editions this line and the following are made part of *Simonides'* speech, with manifest error, as Malone saw. In the next line, they read, "*hee not* thought upon," an equally manifest misprint for "*she but* thought upon," as Mason suggested. The second line of this speech is clearly a counterpart to the third of the next.

p. 338. "And *farther* tell him," &c.: — The old editions, "And *further more*," &c.

"*Bereft of ships and men*," &c.: — A part of this speech is lost.

Scene IV.

p. 340. "*When he was seated in a chariot*": — A grossly corrupted passage, though intelligible.

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p. 341. "*For* honour's cause": — Mr. Dyce's reading. The old editions, "*Try* honour's cause."

" "—— will endeavour *it*": — Steevens restored 'it,' which is lacking in the old copies.

ACT THIRD.

p. 345. "—— the *house about*": — The old copies, "*about the house*" — an accidental transposition, as Malone saw.

" "Now couches *'fore* the mouse's hole": — The old copies have, "Now couches *from*," &c. The correction is Malone's.

" "*E'er* the blither": — The old editions, "*Are* the blither" — a mere phonographic irregularity. But other editors read, "*Aye* the blither," &c.

" "With your fine fancies quaintly *eche*": — As to the pronunciation of 'eche,' (i. e., eke,) see the Note on "And eke out," *King Henry V.*, Act III. Chorus.

" "By many a *dearn* and painful perch": — Dearn is direful, dismal. In this involved sentence, "Of Pericles the careful search" is nominative to "is made." — "The four opposing *coignes*" are the four corners of the world. See Note on "coigne of vantage," *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 6.

p. 346. "—— with claps *'gan* sound": — The old copies, "*can* sound," which mere phonographic irregularity of spelling I am surprised to find Dr. Richardson regarding as a variation in usage.

" "—— but Fortune's *mood*": — The old editions, "but fortune *mov'd*." Steevens made the correction.

Scene I.

p. 347. "—— *Thou* storm, venomously": — The old editions, "*Then* storme," &c.

" "—— and *midwife* gentle": — Steevens' reading; the old editions having the manifest misprint, "and *my wife*," &c.

p. 349. "—— and we are strong in *custom*": — The old editions, "in *easterne*." It was left for Boswell to suggest the almost obvious correction.

" "—— *for she must overboard straight*": — These words, by one of those unaccountable transpositions which are sometimes made in the best printing offices, are found in the middle of the next speech, thus, —

> "As you thinke; *for she must ouer boord straight*,
> Most wretched Queen."

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p. 349. "—— in the *ooze*": — The old editions, "in the *oare*." Steevens' correction.

" "And *aye*-remaining lamps": — The old editions, "And *ayre* remaining," &c., which Malone corrected.

" "—— the satin *coffer*": — The old editions, "the sattin *coffin*."

" "*Alter thy course for Tyre*": — i. e., alter thy course, which is now for Tyre, thither to Tarsus.

SCENE II.

p. 351. "And *all-to* topple": — i. e., entirely, altogether. Hitherto printed, "And all to topple," or "And all to-topple."

" "—— I *held* it ever": — The old editions, "I *hold*," &c.

" "Or tie my *treasure*": — The old editions, "my *pleasure*."

" "To please *the Fool and Death*": — See the Note on "thou art Death's Fool," *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1.

p. 352. "—— as *never shall decay*": — So the old copies, except the 4to. of 1609, which has, "as *time shall never*," where some word is plainly lacking. Mr. Dyce reads, "as time shall never *raze*."

" "Did the sea toss *upon* our shore": — The old copies, "Did the sea toss *up* upon our shore" — doubtless an accidental repetition.

" "—— 'tis caulk'd and *bitum'd*": — The old copies, "and *bottom'd*."

p. 353. "The *vial* once more": — *Cerimon's* call for music might lead us to suppose that we should read, "This *viol*," &c., were it not that he has but just issued the order, and so would not say, "the viol *once more*."

" "*Breathes* out of her": — The old copies, "*Breath* out," &c.

SCENE III.

p. 354. "—— though they *hurt* you mortally": — The 4tos., "though they *haunt*," &c.; the folio of 1664, "*hate*." Steevens corrected this misprint, and also "*wondringly*" for "*wanderingly*," in the next line.

p. 355. "*Unscissar'd* shall this hair," &c.: — The old copies, "*Unsisterd*," &c.; and in the next line, "Though I show *will* in't."

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Scene IV.

p. 356. "Even on my *yeaning* time": — The 4tos. misprint, "my *learning* time," which in the folio of 1664 was changed to "my *eaning* time."

ACT FOURTH.

p. 357. "Which makes *her* both the *heart* and place": — The old copies, "Which makes *hie* both the *art* and place." Steevens made the corrections.

" "*And in this kind*," &c.: — Steevens restored this passage, which in the old copies appears with these transpositions: —

> "And in this kinde, *our Cleon hath*
> A daughter and *a full growne wench*."

" "Even ripe for marriage-*rite*": — Percy's correction. The old copies, "for marriage *sight*."

" "—— the *sleided* silk": — i. e., untwisted. See the Note on "the ravell'd sleave of care," *Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "—— with sharp *needle* wound": — Here 'needle' is to be pronounced as a monosyllable, *neeld*, as it was often written.

" "—— the night-*bird* mute": — The old copies, "the night-*bed* mute."

p. 358. "Only I *carry*": — The old editions, "Only I *carried*;" the MS. perhaps having, as Mr. Dyce suggests, "I *carrie*."

Scene I.

p. 359. "—— *Let not conscience*": — This passage, as far as "too nicely," is hopelessly corrupted.

" "—— for her *only mistress'* death": — Corrupted. Percy would have read, "her *old nurse's* death."

" "Shall, as a *carpet, hang*," &c.: — i. e., as drapery. Table covers, and articles of like kind and use, were called carpets. Floors, it will be remembered, were covered with rushes.

p. 361. "From *stem* to stern": — Malone corrected the old misprint, "From *stern* to stern."

" "Wherein my death might *yield her profit, or*," &c.: old copies, —

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"Wherein my death might yield her *any* profit,
Or my life imply," &c.

p. 362. "[Scene II. Malone]": — Here it has been the custom to mark a new Scene. But plainly *Leonine* steals back after the pirates have dragged *Marina* off.

SCENE II.

p. 363. "Ay, to *a leaven*": — Hitherto printed, "to *eleven;*" but the intended pun is unmistakable. As to "aleven" in the previous speech, which gives *Boult* his cue, see the Note on "aleven widows," *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "Ay, she quickly *poop'd* him": — Should we not read, '*popp'd* him'?

SCENE III.

p. 367. "Becoming well thy *fact*": — The old editions, "thy *face*," which was left for Mr. Dyce to correct.

p. 368. "—— the *pious* innocent": — The old copies, "the *im*pious innocent." Monck Mason's proposal to read 'pious' for 'impious' is supported by the language of Wilkins' novel.

" "Though not his *pre-consent*": — The old copies, "his *prince* consent." The emendation, which is Steevens', may not restore the original.

" "She did *distain* my child": — The old copies, "She did *disdain*," &c. But as *Marina* was far from disdaining *Philoten*, there can be little doubt as to the correctness of Steevens' slight emendation.

p. 369. "—— to take *your* imagination": — The old copies, "*our* imagination."

" "*Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late*": — In the old editions this and the four following lines are thus transposed: —

"Old Helicanus goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind,
Old Escenes, whom Hellicanus late
Aduanede in time to great and hie estate.
Well sailing ships," &c.

p. 371. "—— while our *scene* must play": — The old copies, "our *steare*" — an obvious misprint for "our sceane," as Malone saw.

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Scene V.

p. 372. "*Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir,*" &c.: — This speech and the next but one have been hitherto assigned to *Boult*. But in his mouth they are quite out of character. The affectation of modesty past a certain point, and the garrulous comparison of *Marina* to a rose, are traits of a woman and a bawd. And the conclusion to which they lead is confirmed by the old harridan's pursuit of the floral metaphor upon the entrance of *Marina*. "Here comes that which grows to the stalk." The error is quite surely the result of the use of *B.* for both prefixes in the old copies. *Boult* plainly goes out in obedience to the Governor's request that the Bawd should "call forth" the girl of whom she speaks.

p. 374. "—— and so stand *aloof*": — The old editions have the obvious misprint, "stand *aloft*."

p. 377. "*Any of these ways,*" &c.: — This line, and the four which follow it, are much mutilated by transpositions and corruptions in the old editions. The text is the fruit of Steevens' ingenuity.

ACT FIFTH.

p. 378. "Her *inkle*": — A kind of tape.

" "Where we left him on the sea: *we there him lost*": — So the 4to. of 1609, except that it has "left" for 'lost' — an easy misprint, which Malone corrected. Subsequent old copies, "We left him there *tumbled and tost*."

Scene I.

p. 380. "—— that one mortal *night*": — The old editions, "mortal *wight*," which Malone corrected.

p. 381. "And so *inflict* our province": — Perhaps, "And so *afflict*," &c., as Mr. Dyce reads.

" "Is 't not a goodly *presence?*" — In the old editions, "a goodly *present*."

" "—— that consists in *bounty*": — The old editions, "in *beauty*," which Steevens corrected.

p. 382. "—— and artificial *feat*": — The old editions, "and artificial *fate*" — a mere phonographic error, which Percy corrected.

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p. 382. "*Marina sings*":— "No song," says Mr. Collier, "is given in the play; but according to the novel founded upon *Pericles*, the following is what is sung by *Marina*":—

"Amongst the harlots foule I walke;
Yet harlot none am I;
The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby,
The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
Is slaine before this time.
A bawde me bought, yet am I not
Defilde by fleshly crime:
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Then parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a King,
My blood from Kings dooth flow:
In time the heauens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way:
Shew gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerefull eies,
That God remaines that once of nought
Created Earth and Skies."

But this song is found, with very slight variation, in *The Patterne of Painefull Adventures*, and its presence in Wilkins' novel cannot therefore be regarded as any evidence that that book, which Mr. Collier brought into notice, was made up, as he would have it, from notes taken at the performance of *Pericles*. Wilkins found the song in a source common to him and the author of the play. It is a translation, as will be seen, of the following lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*:—

"Per scorta [heu!] gradior, sed scorti conscia non sum,
Sic spinis rosa [quæ] nescit violarier ullis.
Corruit [en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;
Tradita lenoni, non sum violata pudore.
Vulnera cessassent animi, lacrimæque deessent,
Nulla ergo melior, si noscam certa parentes.
Unica regalis generis sum stirpe creata;
Ipsa jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.
[Terge] modo lacrimas, curam dissolve molestam;
Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad sidera tolle:
[Nam] Deus est hominum plasmator, rector et auctor,
[Nec] sinit has lacrimas casso finire labore."

p. 383. "Here of these *shores?*" — Here, and in the next line, the old editions have "*shewes;*" for the obvious correction of which very obvious misprint Malone obsequiously compliments an "ingenious" Earl of Charlemont.

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p. 383. "Did'st thou not *say*": — The old editions, "not *stay*."

p. 384. "How lost thou [*them*]?" — Malone inserted 'them.'

p. 385. "Have you a working pulse? and *are no fairy?* — *Motion?* — Well; speak on": — The punctuation of the text is that of one of the old editions. It was suggested by Mason that we should read, "and are no *fairy-motion?*" i. e., no puppet. Mr. Dyce thinks that *Pericles* exclaims, Motion! on discovering that *Marina's* pulse beats. I think it more than probable that 'Motion' is a stage direction which has slipped into the text, and that here *Marina* was to beckon or motion to *Pericles* to cease his rhapsody. He says, just afterward,

> "I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
> *And never interrupt you.*"

The defect of rhythm in the case supposed is of no moment in this play.

" "*You scorn:* believe me": — Malone most plausibly read, "*You'll scarce* believe me."

p. 386. "—— She *would never* tell": — The old editions have the transposition, "She *never would* tell."

" "And another *life* to Pericles": — Mason's reading. The old editions, "And another *like*," &c.

p. 387. "*My lord, I hear*": — The old editions, "*Musicke* my Lord I heare?" But here, as before, in Act I. Sc. 1, "Musicke" is manifestly a stage direction, which has crept into the text, as Mr. Dyce, I believe, was the first to discover. He remarks, "The author evidently intended that the *Music*, (a prelude to the appearance of *Diana*,) which had already been ringing in the ears of *Pericles*, should now be heard by the audience, though those on the stage with *Pericles* were supposed not to hear it."

p. 388. "[Scene II.]" It has been the general custom to make a division of Scene here; but there is very clearly no reason, either in time, place, or action, for the break.

" "—— repetition to the *life*": — The old editions, "to the *like*" — a counterpart to the misprint pointed out in the third Note above, as Malone saw.

> "Do it, *and happy*": — i. e., and be happy.

" "I have another *suit*": — Malone's emendation. The old editions, "another *sleight*."

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Scene II.

p 390. "What means the *nun?*" — The 4to. of 1619, "What meanes the *woman*," which has been followed in all subsequent editions hitherto. But the first 4to. of 1609 has, "What meanes the *mum?*" — and that here "mum" is a misprint of 'nun,' the following passages of Wilkins' tale seem to show clearly: "Having thus left the recovered Thaysa amongst the holy Nunnes in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus," &c. Chap. VIII. And in the very passage which corresponds to the one under consideration, *Pericles*, recounting his adventures in Diana's Temple, says, "'To preserue my selfe from whose anger, I fled to sea, suffered shipwracke, was courteously entertained, by good Symonides King of Pentapolis, and after espoused his fayre daughter Thaysa.' At the naming of whome, she her selfe being by, coulde not choose but starte; for in this temple was she placed to be a Nunne," &c. Chap. XI. So also in *The Patterne of Painfull Adventures* it is said the wife of Apollonius "remained in vertuous life and contemplation among the religious nunnes" in the Temple of Diana; and again that while her husband was telling his story she was doing something "which was part of the nunnes duety."

p. 392. "Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision! [*I*]": — Malone added the pronoun. The passage is so very much mutilated that any effort at refiction must depend upon the merest conjecture.

p. 393. "Virtue *preserv'd*": — The old editions, "Virtue *preferd*."

" "To punish [*them*]": — 'Them' was added by Malone.

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APPENDIX.

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MEMORANDUMS

OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION IN THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

THE following observations are made not without an appreciation of the difficult nature of their subject. Nor has the writer the intention or desire that they should be regarded as more than a casual and unelaborated contribution to a subordinate department in the history of our language, which, as far as his knowledge extends, has been almost entirely neglected.* They make no pretence to a thorough or even a systematic examination of our ancient pronunciation, and are little more than transcripts of memorandums hastily pencilled upon the fly leaves of old books, with sufficient comment to connect them together and show their supposed significance. Having formed no part of the original plan of this work, they are elicited chiefly by the comments which have been made upon the incidental remarks upon pronunciation, which, with no linguistic purpose, are scattered through the Notes and Essays in the preceding volumes. But incomplete and unsystematic as they are, and shifting and variable as are the data with which they have to deal, they still present facts which are worthy of consideration, and apparent incongruities the reconciliation of which — left, perhaps, uneffected by the writer — would be at least instructive, if not interesting.

Speech and writing have a mutual influence upon each other; that of the former being in excess in the earlier and uncritical stages of a language, and the latter gaining the advantage by the labors of rhetoricians, grammarians, and lexicographers, until finally the question becomes, not how a certain sound shall

* But see the instructive chapter on orthoepical changes in Mr. George P. Marsh's learned and philosophical "Lectures on the English Language," which, however, were not published until after the appearance of Vols. II. to VIII. of this work, and after the preparation of these memorandums.

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be expressed by letters, but how a certain combination of letters shall be pronounced. The English language has perhaps arrived as nearly at the latter stage as is possible for a living, spoken tongue; but at the time to which these memorandums refer, the process which is now proximately completed had been advancing by slow and uncertain steps for only about half a century. The spelling of the Elizabethan period, especially in its latter part, has no etymological and little prosodic value. It is simply irregular with the irregularity which is the necessary concomitant of an absence of rule. Pronunciation, too, was variable, as well as spelling. Let us, however, remember that, although words may have been used by some men to conceal ideas, there was never man who used a letter to conceal a sound. The sound which he had in mind may not have been the one proper to his word, or he may have used an improper letter to express a proper, or even an improper sound; but in any case his purpose was expression, not concealment. We must remember, too, that one reason of the variability in our old spelling was, that it was not orthographic, but phonographic. It follows that if we know the force which letters had to the authors of books or manuscripts two hundred and fifty years old, we can infer the pronunciation of those authors from their spelling with a much greater approach to exactness than in the case of more modern writers. But this knowledge cannot always be certainly arrived at. Indeed, so rudely inadequate are letters to express the delicately various vocal inflections, that in the case of some letters and combinations of letters it is extremely difficult — almost impossible — to decide with confidence as to the sound which an unknown and remote writer associated with them. Those cases, however, are very few in which rhythm, rhyme, the observation and comparison of various spelling, and the testimony of grammarians and rhetoricians, all fail to settle the pronunciation to a reasonable degree of certainty. The following memorandums relate almost exclusively to those letters and syllables the pronunciation of which has been elsewhere incidentally noticed in this work. They might have been sustained, or at least illustrated, by reference to the traces of pronunciation at periods earlier than that to which they refer; but for a more elaborate treatment of this merely accessory subject the writer has not time, even if the reader had inclination.

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A.

This vowel seems to have had all the sounds which it now has; but those most commonly indicated are the first or name sound, as in *ale*, *make*, *tame*, and the broad and peculiarly English sound, as in *awe*, *saw*, *fall*. The Italian sound, as in *ah*, and the short, close sound, as in *an*, are rarely indicated by the old spelling.

A final had almost always the name sound; and specially in proper names. (See the Note on "What news from Genoa?" Vol. IV. p. 249.) This is shown by such rhymes and spelling as these: "say" with "Seneca," Drayton's *Elegies*, 1627, p. 197; "Remora" with "delay," *Pastor Fido*, 1647, p. 215; "statua" with "day," Aleyn's *Crescy*, 1633, p. 50; "Gellia" with "say," *Erotomania*, 1640, p. 289; "from height of Idey," [Ida,] *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, 1581, fol. 115; "sea" and "Ithaca," Drayton's *Elegies*, 1627, p. 185; "sea" and "Virginia," Ib. p. 186. See the note on *EA*, below.

An in 'angel,' 'stranger,' 'danger,' 'manger,' where the vowel now has the name sound, was pronounced either as in *can*, or with the broad English sound. This is shown by the coexistence of the spellings *stranger* and *straunger*, *grant* and *graunt*, *tenant* and *tenaunt*, *repentance* and *repentaunce*, *command* and *commaund*, *servant* and *servaunt*, examples of which are so common in all books printed before 1625 as to make citation superfluous. A corresponding pronunciation of *am* and *al* prevailed. See the Note on "such rackers of orthography," Vol. III. p. 468.

'Master,' 'plaster,' and 'father,' were very generally pronounced with the name sound of *a*, which they still have in some parts of England. This appears from the coexistent spellings *master*, *maister*, and *measter*, *father*, *faythe*r, and *faether*, all of which are sometimes found in one book. In the *Pastor Fido*, v. 6, p. 202, Ed. 1647, "father" is made to rhyme with "either." (See the mem. below on *EI*.) 'Plaster' was spelled *plaister* by a large proportion of educated people until the beginning of the present century.

That 'have' was pronounced with the name sound of *a*, to rhyme with '*rave*,' '*wave*,' '*knave*,' the numberless instances in which it is used to rhyme with those and like words, and the prevalence of that pronunciation till within a comparatively

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short period, are sufficient evidence. (See the Note on "such rackers of orthography," Vol. III. p. 469.) I only refer to it for the sake of the following passages in Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*. "He [West] also pronounced some of his words, in reading, with a puritanical barbarism, such as *haive* for have." p. 85, Ed. 1860. "My mother, who both read and spoke remarkably well, would say *haive* and *shaul* (for *shall*) when she sang her hymns." *Idem, Ibidem*. Had Hunt known more of the history of our language, he would not have called the painter's analogical pronunciation a puritanical barbarism; and he would have seen that his mother's pronunciation of 'have' and 'shall,' when she sang her hymns, corresponded to the clergyman's pronunciation, at this very day, of 'venison,' *ven-i-son*, 'gathered,' *gath-er-ed*, 'iron,' *i-ron*, 'often,' *of-ten*, when he reads the Bible, although in conversation, or when reading any other book, he says *ven'son*, *gather'd*, *i-urn*, *of'n*. Solemnity is always regarded as the occasion of extreme exactitude and propriety.

BT.

The Note in Vol. III. p. 469, which relates in part to the pronunciation of this combination, has been misapprehended by some readers, who have supposed it to assert that in Shakespeare's time the *b* in 'debt' and 'doubt' was generally pronounced. But in that Note it is said that the passage on which it is written shows "that consonants now silent were heard on the lips of *purists*;" and unless I have myself misapprehended the meaning of the word 'purist,' in supposing that it imputes marked affectation to the person to whom it is applied, it would seem that the very terms of the Note were at variance with the meaning attributed to it. *Holofernes* is a pedant, but neither a fool nor (according to the general knowledge of Shakespeare's day) an ignoramus. He is a man who, believing in the false etymology of 'abominable,' — *ab* and *homo*, — very commonly received at that period, would insist on the preservation of the *h*, just as some people now-a-days insist upon spelling 'honor' *honour*, and 'favor' *favour*, and so forth, because they came to us through the French, although they let 'emperor,' 'error,' and 'horror,' which reached us through the same channel, and which used to be spelled *emperour*, *errour*, and *horrour*, pass unchallenged, setting down the spelling *honor* and *favor* as an Americanism, in ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that during the

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Elizabethan period, and after as well as before it, that spelling was as common as it is now. Upon an affectation similar to that of *Holofernes*, Mr. Guest (*English Rhythms*, Vol. I. p. 182) has these remarks: "The old English *eyr*, a son, answering to the Dutch *oir*, offspring, was *first* spelled with an *h* during the sixteenth century, *the pedantry of the age*, of course, seeing nothing but a Latin original, *hæres*." As to the existence of the pronunciation in question — *b* in the combination *bt* — I shall only call Dr. Latham to my support, in a passage which I had not read when I wrote the Note above referred to. "In 'debtor,' &c., ['subtle' 'doubt'] the *b* was undoubtedly at one time pronounced, since it belonged to a different syllable; *debitor*, *subtilis*, *dubito*, being the original forms." *English Language*, Vol. II. p. 66, Ed. 1855. But there can be no doubt that in Shakespeare's time the general pronunciation was that of the present day. Aside from other reasons, such rhymes as the following are too common for the case to have been otherwise: —

> "I thanke the man both for his love and letter.
> The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
> But for the other I must die his debter."
>
> Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599, Sig. G. 4.

CII.

This combination seems to have had much more commonly than at present the sound of *k* or *c* hard. See the Note on "Hermione is chaste," Vol. V. p. 394; "Sick of a calm," Vol. VI. p. 542; "And eke out," Vol. VII. p. 129, and "Chattels and whatsoever," Vol. VIII. p. 445. Thus 'beseech' was written both with *ch* and with *k*: "I *beseke* your grace of audience," *Robert the Devyll*, p. 3. "Juliet you *beseekes*," *Romeus and Juliet*, Ed. Collier, p. 21. For earlier instances of the use of both *ch* and *k* the reader need only consult Richardson's Dictionary *in v.* So with 'belch:' "That boyled in his *belking* breast," *Golding's Ovid*, Ed. 1612, fol. 25, — in Ed. 1587 of the same work, "*belching* breast;" "He breathing *belketh* out such sulphure aires," *Optic Glass of Humors*, 1639, p. 73; so 'stink' is constantly spelled both with *ch* and *k*: see, for instances, *Golding's Ovid*, 1587, fol. 97 *b*, and *Rhomeo and Julietta*, Ed. Collier, p. 120. See, too, "*roches* [rocks] hye," *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, 1581, fol. 133 *b*. The *c* or *ck* with which 'rhetoric' was generally spelled was very often replaced by *ch*; for two instances of which see the last

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page but one of the Preface to the *English Parnassus*, by Josua Poole, M. A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, 1657, and

"T' assayle some Heard, the Desart pasturing neare,

. . . . .

Nor neuer leaue till they their *Chattell* cleare."

Drayton's *Queen Margaret*, p. 85, Ed. 1627.

And remembering the pronunciation of 'beseech,' shown above, see "speech," "beseech," and "seech" [seek], rhyming together in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Ed. 1605, p. 385. *K* is a letter of such unmistakable and unvarying force, that its use leaves no doubt as to the sound of the letters in the place of which it stands; but there is corroborative evidence in the frequent introduction of *t* before *ch* in some words, as if to insure the soft instead of the hard sound of the latter letters. Such are *ritch*, *sutch*, *mutch*, *portch*, *reatch*, *coatch*, *toutch*, *breatch*, the instances of which are of such common occurrence as to make citation superfluous. In these words, too, it is important to observe, that, according to my observation, *k* never appears in the place of *ch*; as in those previously noticed *t* is never introduced before *ch*. If we go back much farther than Shakespeare's time, we find indications that this pronunciation of *ch* is in some cases a consequence of a former guttural pronunciation; as for instance, *pertryche* and *pertryke*, (partridge:) in the same sentence of Juliana Berners, Sig. b, i, *b*.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1, (Vol. III. p. 407,) we have an indication that *ch* was pronounced sometimes like *sh*; else "chirra," would there have been written *shirrah*. See the Note upon this passage, and that below upon the pronunciation of *su*.

E.

The *e* in the preterit was rigorously pronounced, unless the contracted form was indicated. This was the case even in verbs ending in *le*, as in the following examples: —

"Now whilst yon *purple'd* hands do reek."

Julius Cæsar, Act III. Sc. 1, Ed. 1623.

"When we have *shuffel'd* off this mortal coil."

Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 1, *Ibid.*

where the contraction shows that the usual pronunciation was *purpleëd* and *shuffleëd*. As to monosyllabic verbs ending in

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ie, usage was in a period of transition. Gabriel Harvey, a friend of Spenser, and a critic of some repute in his day, says, "For you shall as well and as ordinarily hear *fayer* as *faire*, and *aier* as *aire*, and both alike, not only of dyvers and sundrie persons, but often of the very same; otherwhiles using the one, otherwhyles using the other; and so *died* or *dyde*, *spied* or *spide*, *tryed* or *tride*, *fyer* or *fire*, *myer* or *myre*, with an infinite number of the same sorte, sometime monosyllaba, sometime polysyllaba."

E final of a word inflected or augmented, though not pronounced in the simple form, was often heard in the new word. See, for instance, —

> "And on her bosome cold she layeth *clothes* hot."
>
> *Romeus and Juliet*, Ed. Collier, p. 38.

> "Then on her brest she crost her *armes* long and small."
>
> *Ibid.* p. 71.

> "But to proceed in bloud he thought no *safetie* to find."
>
> *Albion's England*, Chap. 94.

And see the Notes on "happely," Vol. III. p. 128; "owles," *Ib.* p. 211; and "commandement," Vol. IV. p. 371, and Vol. XI. p. 198. This is the remnant of a usage with which the reader of Chaucer is familiar.

EA.

This diphthong had generally the name sound of *a*, rhyming with *may* and *play*, and sometimes the broad Italian sound of the same vowel, as in *card*, *hard*. A contrary opinion is expressed in the Note on "how most sweetly 'a will swear," Vol. III. p. 460. Into this error I was led by following one of those jack-o'-lanterns which lead philological speculators sometimes into the mire, and rarely to any thing better than a mare's nest. It is not necessary that I should trouble the reader with telling him how I retraced my steps. I will only say, for my own sake, that I was beguiled by a theory, not led astray by an ignorance of facts. The volume was hardly printed before I saw that, though on the right road, I had gone the wrong way, and so had reached the converse of the true conclusion. The fact seems to be that the Irish pronunciation of *ea* is not a provincial corruption, but a relic of the best usage at the brightest period of our language and literature. This is shown by the following rhymes and spellings: "*Seas*" with "ways," *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, 1581, fol. 104; "*sea*" with "delay,"

Ibid.; "*weare*" and "hayre," *Ibid.* fol. 114 *b*; "hayres" and "*tears*," *Ibid.* fol. 50 and fol. 107 *b*; "*seas*" and "days," *Ibid.* fol. 115; "*sweaing*" (swaying), *Ibid.* fol. 151 *b*; "*teare*" (from the eye) and "weare," Lilly's *Gallathea*, Act IV. Sc. 2; "the *veale* [vail] of love," *Romeus and Juliet*, Ed. Collier, p. 10, *Idem*, *Ibidem*, p. 47; "*sea*" with "play," Habington's *Castara*, 1639, p. 81, and the same word in the same author *passim* with 'way,' 'sway,' 'away,' 'obey;' '*slea*' (slay), Golding's *Ovid*, 1587, fol. 153, and also in Ed. 1612, fol. 146. Drayton furnishes the following examples among many others: "*cleane*" with "maintaine," *Battaile of Agincourt*, Ed. 1627, p. 27; "*great*" and "*treat*" with "receite," (see the note below on *EI*,) *Queen Margaret*, *Ibid.* p. 68; "pay," "*sea*," and "day," *Baron's Warres*, Can. IV. st. 17; "prevayling" and "*healing*," *Nymphidia*, Ed. 1627, p. 129; "stay" with "*sea*," Moon Calfe, *Ib.* p. 173; "*seas*" with "days," *Elegies*, *Ib.* p. 202; "nature" with "*creature*," *Heroical* Epistles, 1619, p. 118; "bewayle" with "*heal*," *Ibid.* p. 160; "*teares*" with "pray'rs," *Ibid.* p. 207; "avail" and "*repeal*," *Ibid.* 247; and *passim* the same author rhymes "despairs" with "*teares*," "rayes" with "*disease*," "chaine" with "*leane*," "aide" with "*plead*," "*leane*" with "swaine." "Flay" was as often spelled *flea* as *flay*. In *Albion's England*, Ed. 1602, we have, on p. 180, 'aim' twice spelled "*eame*;" and it is quite common to find 'hair' spelled *haire*, *heare*, and *hayre*, in the same book. Throughout Browne's *Pastorals*, 1613, we have such rhymes as "*sea*" and "way," "rayes" and "*seas*," "*creature*" and "nature," and "*teares*" and "theirs;" and Shakespeare rhymes "*ear*" with "hair," and "hairs" with "*tears*," in *Venus and Adonis*; "*tear*" (noun) with "hair," in *Lucrece*; and, "*sea*" with "play," *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. I.

Such examples as these would seem to leave no doubt as to the point upon which they bear; for there is no uncertainty about the pronunciation of the words with which those in *ea* are made to rhyme, or of those which are spelled with this combination instead of another. It is not as if we inferred that 'wound' must have been pronounced *wownd* because it is found rhyming with 'found' and 'sound.'* Still *ea* had in many cases the

* See in Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language," pp. 477–481, this view as to the *a* sound of *ea* set forth and sustained, but by an entirely different mode of reasoning. There seems to be no room for question that Mr. Marsh has hit upon the sound indicated by the old spelling *ée* and Gill's *ë*.

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sound which it has at the present day, which was given to it by some authors in some of the very words above cited. Two words in *ea* are remarkable for a pronunciation in Shakespeare's day different from that which they have now — 'thread' and 'instead.' These I believe to have been universally pronounced *threed* and *insteed*. The instances of this spelling, or the equivalent *threde* and *instede*, are countless, and may be found in all authors. Sometimes, indeed, but with extremest rarity, we find *thred;* but that may be the result of careless printing, which its rhyming with *need* and like words, (as, for instance, in Aleyn's *Crescy*, 1633, p. 5,) would seem to show.

In 'heart,' 'heard,' 'earth,' 'dearth,' and 'hearth,' *ea* appears to have had, in general usage, the broad sound of *a* — *hart*, *hard*, *arth*, and so forth, as could easily be shown by numerous citations. The first and the last are still preserved, and the others linger among the uncultivated. But 'heard' and 'earth' were conformed to analogy by some speakers and writers, and pronounced *haird* and *airth;* and this usage is not yet extinct in New England. 'Beard' appears to have had four sounds: *beerd* (rarely), *baird* (the most usual), *bard*, and *burd* — the sound of the same letters in 'heard' at this day.

Ea had sometimes the separate force of both vowels, as the rhythm shows in the following passage from *Albion's England:* —

"Minerva suffreth violence when Phao makes her faire,
May such be disarithmetickt his *Creatures* that are."
Chap. 101, p. 400, Ed. 1606.

And until about the middle of the seventh century both the *e* and the *a* appear to have been heard in the last syllable of 'ocean,' the frequent dissyllabic pronunciation of which was probably regarded as a contraction. See the rhythm in the following lines: —

"Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean."
K. John, Act II. Sc. 1.

And both rhythm and rhyme in this passage from Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity:* —

"His reign of peace upon the Earth *began*,
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild *ocean*." St. 5.

See also "ocean" rhyming with "run" in Browne's *Pastorals*, Vol. I. p. 25, Ed. 1772.

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Ea had the sound of *e* short in 'leaped,' and perhaps 'heaped,' in the contracted form.

EAU.

The Note on "thieves of the day's beauty," Vol. VI. p. 387, is too decided in its terms in regard to the pronunciation of *beauty*. It was often pronounced with the French sound of *eau*, but not "quite generally," I think. Of the conclusion to which I had arrived as to a prevalent affectation of a French pronunciation in England during the Elizabethan era, I afterwards found direct confirmation in Brown's *Grammar*, 1633, pp. 27 and 28.

EI.

In the pronunciation of this diphthong we have also an instance of the preservation in Ireland of the best, if not of the universal Elizabethan usage. I do not remember an instance in which spelling or rhyme indicates unmistakably the pure sound of *e;* but in favor of the pure sound of *a* (which *ei* still preserves in several words) such spelling and such rhymes as the following are numberless: In Daniel's poems *kay* and *key* interchangeably; "*conceipt*" rhyming with "weight," *Musophilus*, 1599, Sig. E.; the same word with "bait," in the first Sonnet of *The Passionate Pilgrim;* "*deceit*" with "retraite," Daniel's *Letter of Cleopatra*, St. 36. In Drayton, "*deceits*" with "baites," *Queen Margaret*, 1627, p. 66; "*receit*" with "great," *Ib.* p. 68; "*conceive*" with "clave," *Sirena, Ib.* p. 145; "*deceit*" with "wait," *Barons' Wars*, Can. IV. St. 14; "*seize*" with "raise" and "daies," *Cromwell*, Ed. 1619, p. 371. Browne, in his *Pastorals*, rhymes "*seize*" with "lays," I. 126, and "*key*" with "lay," II. 139. Milton spells 'straight' "*streit*" in *L'Allegro*, 1673, p. 37, and 'strain' "*strein*" in the *Hymn on the Nativity, Ib.* p. 2. Churchyard constantly spells 'conceit' and 'deceit,' "*consait*" and "*desait.*" 'Heinous' is commonly spelled *haynous*, as it is now pronounced by the best speakers; see, for instance, Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, the *Comical History of Francion*, 1655, and Guazzo's *Civil Conversation*, 1581, *passim;* and in the latter book, "per*tei*ning," fol. 19, "p*ei*nt," fol. 42, and "cont*ei*nd," fol. 37 *b*. Instances like *steie*, for 'stay,' *Haven of Health*, 1584, p. 109, are not uncommon, and '*weird*,' as we have seen, Vol. X. p. 515, was often spelled *wayward;* while "wayward" = wilful, set in his own way, was as often spelled *weiward* or *weyward.*

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EW.

This combination had very commonly the sound of *o*, which it yet retains in 'shew' and 'strew.' The evidences of this are unmistakable in such rhymes as "*shew*" with "owe," *Honour's Academy*, 1610, P. I. p. 53; "*shew*" with "below," *Ib.* P. III. p. 88; "*shewse*" with "woes," *Sidney's Sonnets*, 1605, p. 484; "*shewes*" with "oppose," Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt;* "*shew*" with 'so,' Shakespeare's *Lucrece;* and in such spellings as "a *Shrow* [shrew], or else a Sheepe," *Albion's England*, 1602, p. 41; "she pitched *tew*" (tow), *Ib.* p. 144, and "*shewres*" for 'showers,' and "*shewre*" for 'shower,' *Ib.* p. 193. Similar examples are numberless. See the Note on "I beshrew all shrews," Vol. III. p. 471, and on "thou hast tam'd a curst shrew," Vol. IV. p. 506, and the memorandum on *S*.

But *ew* was also pronounced with the Italian sound of *u*, or as *oo;* and even 'shew,'—the preterit, had that pronunciation, which it still preserves in New England. See it, for instance, rhyming with "hew" (hue), "dew" (due), and "threw," in the *Faerie Queene*, Book II. Canto III. St. 22, and (though nearly a hundred years later) even the infinitive with "due" in Jo Quarles' *Triumphant Chastity*, 1684, and the plural noun with "abuse," *Ibid.* p. 43. In such words as 'sue,' 'rue,' 'true,' 'Louis,' *ew* was very commonly used to express the vowel sound, as in the example just cited.

GH.

That these letters had the sound of *f* much oftener in the Elizabethan period than at the present day appears not only from such rhymes as that noticed in Vol. IV. p. 490, and "*daughter*" with "after," *Pastor Fido*, 1647, p. 150, and also in *Romeus and Juliet*, Ed. Collier, p. 65, and "*taught*" with "soft," Browne's *Pastorals*, Vol. I. p. 68, but by spelling like the following:—

"*Dicke.* What cal'st thou the thing wee were bound to?
Mar. A *raughter.*
Raffe. I will rather hang myselfe on a *raughter* in the house," &c. Lilly's *Gallathea*, Act I. Sc. 4.

Yet *gh* was also silent, and 'daughter' was pronounced *dawter*, as at this day, of which there is so much unmistakable evidence that none need be cited here. There seems to be little

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room for doubt that the sound of this combination was originally guttural, and that this sound passed into silence through various and uncertain ways. Indeed, I am inclined to comfort the gentleman who said to the Prince of Wales at the New York ball, slapping him on the back, "Now, Prince, this dance belongs to my darter," by suggesting that the accomplished translator of the *Pastor Fido* (see the example cited above) might have impeached his politeness, but sustained his pronunciation, by asking him what he was *arter*.*

H.

There is reason to believe that the dropping and 'exhaspirating' of this letter, now so common in England, is not an altogether modern custom. We find, for instance, 'host' spelled without the *h* in Drayton's *Cromwell*, in *Albion's England*, and in *Thomas of Reading, passim;* and as that word was most commonly spelled with the *h*, this shows either that the *h* was left unpronounced by a sufficient number of readers to make *oast* or *ost* seem correct, or that the *h* would be pronounced when not written. Indeed, Jonson, in his Grammar, gives 'host' and 'humble' as examples of a class of words in which *h* "is written . . . without power."

* Since these remarks upon *gh* were put in type, the pamphlet entitled *Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare*, (Lond. 1860,) has reached me. On pp. 61 and 62 the author has cited the following examples of rhyme, to show that *gh* had the sound of *f* or not, "at the option of the poet."

"Have you not heard it said full oft
A woman's nay doth stand for *naught?*"
Passionate Pilgrim.

"Farewell! thou hast me *taught*
To think me not the first
That love hath set *aloft*
And casten in the dust."
Surrey's *Forsaken Lover.*

"Sharper to man is than the swiftest shaft
His eye the way by which his heart is *caught.*"
Chapman's *Hero and Leander*

"—— Though throned aloft
Of each man weighs yet both the work and *thought.*"
Ibid. Hesiod, Georg. I.

"Hatred, and strife and fighting cometh after
Effusion of blood, and oftentime man*slaughter.*"
Barclay, *Eclogue* II.

But do these not rather show merely a variable pronunciation? Rhyme was not necessary for this use of *gh*, as we have seen by the passage from Lilly.

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I.

We now give this letter in some rare positions the name sound of *e;* and the pronunciation *obleege*, common in the last century, yet lingers on the lips of many not unlettered people. But in Shakespeare's time *i* had this sound in monosyllables and in many other positions in which it has now either its name sound, or its short, obscure sound, or the short, obscure sound of *u*, both of which latter sounds, it is almost needless to remark, it has had in a greater or less degree for centuries.

Of the pronunciation of *i* as *e* such evidence as the following is abundant: "the world to *weet* [wit]," *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. Sc. 2, fol. 1623; "*Spleets* [splits] what it speaks," *Idem* Act II. Sc. 7, *Ibid.;* "the *breeze* [brize] upon her," *Idem* Act III. Sc. 9, *Ibid.;* "a kind of *weeke* [wick] or snufe," *Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 7, 4to. 1604; "At whose abuse our *flyring* [fleering] world can winke," Churchyard's *Charity*, 1595; "Doth neither church, *queer* [quire = choir], court, nor country spare," *Ibid.;* "In Dauid's Psalms true *miter* [metre] flows," Churchyard's *Praise of Poetry*, 1595. In the word written generally *spirit*, *sprite*, or *spright*, the vowel sound was *ee*, as is shown by the spelling *spreet*, which is very common, and which is found on the same pages with the others. See also in the following passage evidence that 'high' was pronounced *he:* "— which the *High* goat [he-goat] as one seeing, yet reserving revenge for a fitting time," &c. Braithewaite's *Survey of History*, 1638, p. 342.

IE.

The general pronunciation of this combination, when it had not the sound of its first vowel, is clearly indicated to have been, as at present, the name sound of *e*, by such phonographic irregularity of spelling as the following, which are promiscuously taken from various books of the period: *peece*, *shreeke*, *yeelde*, *feende*, *pieres* (peers), *pievish*, *stiep* (steep), *theeves*, *beleeve*, *cheefe*, *greefe*, *bief* (beef), &c., in which, and in like words *ie* and *ee* were used interchangeably. But 'pierce' and 'fierce' seem to have been very generally pronounced *purse* and *furse*, which is shown unmistakably by rhymes. Upon this pronunciation of the former word, too, depends the significance of the title of Nash's *Pierce Penniless*. See, also, in Drayton's Elegy to the Noble Lady I. S.: —

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"Your like we in a burning Glasse may see,
When the Sunnes rayes therein contracted be
Bent on some obiect which is purely white,
We find that colour doth *dispierce* the light,
And stand untainted."

So although some authors — a very few, according to my observation — indicate an analogic pronunciation of these words by the spelling *peerce*, and *feerce*, I think that there can be no question that the passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "Master person, — *quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierc'd," &c. (See Vol. III. p. 462,) implies the pronunciations *purson* and *purse;* as to which, indeed, in spite of the quotations in the Note upon the passage, I had never more than a passing doubt. So also as to "if Percy be alive I'll pierce him." 1 *Henry IV.* Act V. Sc. 3.

L.

This letter was silent in words in which it is now heard, and heard in others in which it is now silent. My memorandums of instances of these pronunciations are mislaid, but I distinctly remember such spelling as *fautes*, for 'faults,' *haulty*, for 'haughty,' and *Raph* and *Rafe* for 'Ralph.' As to the pronunciation of *l* in 'could,' 'should,' and 'would,' (See the Note on 'could,' Vol. VIII. p. 278,) our literature down to and past the middle of the seventeenth century is rife with evidence of it; though soon after that time I think the *l* began to go out in polite circles. See the verses "Upon the Effigies," &c. in the folio of 1632, given in Vol. II. of this work.

"Say (who alone effect such wonders *could*)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold."

Also in *Venus and Adonis:* —

"Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he *should*,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd.'"

In Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:* —

"For that I *cold*
Not get for gold." — p. 6, Ed. 1610.

"Old corne worth gold
So kept as it *should*." — p. 37, *Ib.*

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Similar examples of the rhyming of these three auxiliaries with 'old,' 'mould,' 'cold,' 'hold' and its compounds, 'fold,' &c., abound in the works of all our poets even towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. Indeed, the point is one upon which no observant reader of our past literature can have a doubt.

From the frequent spelling of 'jealous,' *jealious*, *e. g.*, —

"That of the neighbourhood the Brutes so *jelious* were of wrong."
Albion's England, C. 84, p. 349, Ed. 1606, —

it would seem that *l* had in that word the sound (Fr. *mouillé*) which it still retains in 'rebellious,' and 'stallion,' where, I think, the *i* results only from the tendency to this pronunciation, which, having first obtained in these words, the vowel was added for the sake of conformity.

O and OA.

There seems to have been a great irregularity in the pronunciation of syllables, and specially of monosyllabic words, now written with *o* or *oa*. Words which have now, and which, in the best usage, had even then, the long pure sound of *o*, were very generally pronounced with the short sound; the converse being equally true. This irregularity is exemplified at the present day in Great Britain in the word 'groat,' which among the cultivated is pronounced both *grot*, to rhyme with 'shot,' and *grote*, to rhyme with 'rote;' so also in 'toad' which some well-educated old-country folk (Mrs. Kemble for instance) pronounce with a broad dissyllabic utterance of both vowels, the first long, the second short — *tō-ăd*. The same pronunciation obtains in a less degree with regard to 'throat,' 'road,' 'load,' and other like words. And yet it is very certain that Shakespeare himself pronounced all these words with the simple sound of *o* — so certain by evidence both of rhythm and rhyme that it need not be shown by example. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, gives as examples of the pure Italian sound of *o*, the words "bone, dog, flow, god, rod, stone, tone." (See Vol. III. p. 226 of this work.) But although Florio was a professor of language, and had been several years in England, mingling in the most cultivated society of the capital, (the Earl of Southampton was his patron, and he was reader to the Queen,) it is possible that he was in error about the pronunciation of 'dog' 'god,' and 'rod.' I am inclined to the opinion that a pronunciation similar

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to that of the present day had begun to prevail. But the spelling *dogge*, for instance, which is common, gives no support to this opinion, because the second *g* was required to indicate the hard pronunciation of that letter, if the *e* of prolongation were used: *doge* would of course have been pronounced *doje*, like the title of the head of the Venetian republic. But in the short time which I have been able to devote to this subject I have not observed the rhymes and spellings indicative of the sounds of *o* and *oa* sufficiently to express more than the general opinion that words in which they occurred had the pure name sounds of *o* much more generally among educated people than they have now. The word 'hot' is a noticeable case in point. It was spelled *hot*, *hote*, and *hoat*, indiscriminately, by the same writers; but I should think not oftener than once in ten times in the first manner.

'One' is a word the modern pronunciation of which is at variance with analogy, to which the best usage of Shakespeare's day seems to have conformed. Its modern pronunciation is a unique violation of a rule which is in force as to this very word in its compounds 'only,' 'alone,' and 'atonement,' the unaccountable dropping of the *e* in the first of which has not even yet substituted its analogical pronunciation, *on*-ly, for its elementary, *one*-ly. (See the Notes on 'only,' Vol. II. p. 184, and 'atone,' Vol. IV. p. 384.) That the presumption justified by analogy, and by these facts, is sustained by the evidence of rhymes and of spelling, no observant reader of our ancient authors need be told. Such rhymes as the following are numberless: "*one*" with "grone," *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, 1581, fol. 184 *b*; — "*once*" with "stones," *Ib.* fol. 5, and fol. 21 *b*; with "bones," *Ib.* fol. 33, fol. 43 *b*, and fol. 209; — "*ones*" with "bones," *Ib.* fol. 62 *b*, and with "zones," *Ib.* fol. 34 *b*; — "*everychone*" with "alone," *Ib.* fol. 111; — "*one*" with "foen," (plural of 'foe,') *Arcadia*, 1605, p. 228; with "owne," *Ib.* p. 344; — "*one*" with "known" and "mone," *Albion's England*, 1605, p. 36; with "knowne," *Ib.* p. 324; with "throne," p. 283; with "loane," *Brown's Pastorals*, Vol. I. p. 11; with "mone," *Romeus and Juliet*, ed. Collier, p. 74; with "grone," *Honour's Academy*, 1610, P. III. p. 94; — "*once*" with "groanes," *Ib.* p. 123; — "*one*" with "alone," Drayton's *Heroic Epis.*, 1619,

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p. 189; with "throne" and "alone," Daniel's *Letter of Octavia*, 1599, St. 14; with "throwne," *Pastor Fido*, 1647, p. 28; and see *Robert the Devyll, passim*. This word was even spelled *own*. See "Addition is the practicke to ioyne divers somes in *owne*," *Interpreter of the Academie*, 1648, p. 137; "it's necessary for *owne* that undertak's the building," &c. *Ib.* p. 173. This supports the reading "A hundred mark is a long *ow'n*," 2 *Henry IV.* Act II. Sc. 1.; for in phonographic spelling if 'one' could be spelled *own*, 'own' of course could be spelled *one*.

To this evidence must be added that of Butler's Grammar, 1633, *passim*. Butler devoted one third of his work to orthoepy and spelling, and he was a rigid phonographist in practice as well as theory, writing *tung*, *dubble*, *nou*, *reddi*, &c., with invariable uniformity. He invented characters to express the compound and inflected sounds of vowels, and also the consonants in combination with the aspirates. The *e* of production or prolongation he indicates by an inverted comma (‘), writing 'made' *mad‘*, 'like' *lik‘*, 'most' *most‘*, 'ope' *op‘*, 'use' *us‘*, and the like; and he (expressing, be it observed, the new and "civil" pronunciation. See the Note on *OO*, p. 429) invariably writes *on‘*, and *on‘ly;* as for instance, "C and G had each of them anciently on‘ on‘ly sound which was hard," p. 14. If the pronunciation of his day had been *wun*, or *on*, he would have so written.

In support of examples like the foregoing there is the direct and very unmistakable evidence, both positive and negative, of Poole's *English Parnassus*, 1657, (but written several years before,) where, in the "Alphabet of Monosyllables," which "treats of all rhimes imaginable in English . . . according to their several terminations," we find 'one' set down to rhyme with 'bone,' 'cone,' 'drone,' 'flown,' 'moan,' 'shone,' 'throne,' &c., while it is omitted from the tables under *on* and *un*.

But countless as the examples indicative of the analogical pronunciation of this word are, I have noticed a few passages which show that it was also pronounced *wone* and *wun* in the Elizabethan period. These, however, are chiefly in homely ballads. See, for instance, "as *won* on no ground," *Wyt and Science*, Shak. Soc. Ed. p. 31; "For darker there hath been many a *wone*," *Arise, Arise, Ib.* p. 91; "Ye be welcome *won* by *wone*," *In Praise of a good Welcome, Ib.* p. 111; "He telth each *wone*," *Against Slander*, Ib. p. 114.

I think that the origin of the universal modern pronunciation

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of this word may be traced to the tendency in some of the provincial dialects of England, that of Dorsetshire in particular, to introduce *w* before *o*. Thus, 'hot' was pronounced and spelled *whot*, and 'old' *wold*, and 'home' *whome*, 'don't' *dwont*, 'point' *pwint*, 'coat' *cwot*, &c. This view is sustained by a provincial pronunciation, exactly analogous to *wun*, which affords the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* an occasion for a characteristic passage: —

> "'What is the name of your hill, landlord?'
> 'Blawin-*stwun* Hill, sir, to be sure.'
> [READER. '*Sturm?*'
> AUTHOR. 'Stone, stupid! the Blowing *Stone*.']"

Here we see a provincial corruption, identical with that which now prevails in the pronunciation of 'one.' And without further troubling the reader, I will merely add that I believe that in this pronunciation we have one of not very rare instances in which the rude and provincial usage has prevailed over that which is cultivated, metropolitan, and analogical. Its prevalence was probably owing to the greater ease with which we can say 'a *wone*,' or 'a *wun*,' than 'a *own*;' and in the very common use of 'an' instead of 'a' before 'one' we have yet farther evidence that this word was not generally pronounced with the *w* sound.

OI.

It is hardly necessary to mention the pronunciation of this diphthong as simple *i* — join, *jine;* point, *pint;* boil, *bile;* &c. — which prevailed among the most elegant people, poets and all -- Pope among them — until after the middle of the last century.

OO.

As the doubling of the consonant indicated the shortening of the vowel of a syllable, (*bagg*, *ragg*, *dunn*, *sunn*, *sonne*, &c.,) so the doubling of the vowel indicated originally its long, name sound. But early in the Elizabethan period, if not before, *oo* appears to have been coming into use to express those sounds of *u* — as in 'cud' and 'blood,' 'intrude' and 'brood' -- for which it now stands. The consequence was an ambiguity of pronunciation in regard to many words which before this change had the name sound of *o*, and were spelled either with the single vowel and the final *e* of prolongation, or with *oo*. From the effect of this variation

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the language is not yet entirely free. We are at present, however, only concerned in observing the evidence of rhymes and spelling as to the pronunciation of Shakespeare's day. We find in the books of the early part of that period 'good' spelled *goad* and *gode*, 'boar' *boore*, 'droop' *drowp*, 'forth' *foorthe* and *foarth*, 'book' *boke*, 'shoot' *shote*, 'fool' *fole*, 'holes' *hooles*, 'cooper' *cowper*, 'room' *rome*, 'stool' *stole*, 'boon' *bown*, 'cope' *coope*, and rhyming with 'pope,' as 'poor' with 'yore' and 'store'; 'woo' spelled *woe* and *wow*, and 'lore' *loore*, and rhyming with 'before,' and so forth; for I must ask the reader, for the sake of brevity, to forego long lists of examples and citations of authors, and accept my assurances as to their number and character. But the short *u* sound of *oo* appears to have gained ground rapidly in the latter part of the sixteenth century; and it is to this fact (if I am right in my conclusion) that I attribute the use of *ow*, *oa*, and *o* with the *e* of prolongation (all indicating the name sound of *o*) by those who adhered to the old pronunciation, and wished to avoid the ambiguity consequent upon the use of *oo*. Butler, in his Grammar, completed and published in 1633, mentions (Sig. A. 2) that at that date the English had "generally or in the more civil parts (as the Universities and Citties) forsaken the old pronunciation." 'Moon,' a word the pronunciation of which with the name sound of *o* has been noticed in Vol. III. p. 466 of this work, is a striking case in point of the change just mentioned. Instances like the following, —

"When sodaynly the lowring light of *Mone* is hid and blynd."
Seneca's Tenne Tragedies, 1581, fol. 150.

"The conning witch dame Michale did teach Thessalia dames,
Who onely forst the *Mone* to stoupe to her from heauenly frames."
Ibid. fol. 196, *b*.

and the general, in fact, the almost universal spelling of 'month' *moneth* until the second quarter of the 17th century, show that this word had that vowel sound. Yet Butler says, "Moonth coming of Moone is unfitly written *moneth* which agreeth neither to the original nor sound of the woord," p. 13. See the Notes on 'woo,' Vol. IV. p. 124, on 'poor,' Vol. VI. p. 133, and on 'Birone,' Vol. III. p. 466.

As to the pronunciation of 'Rome' and 'room,' which is

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necessarily brought to the reader's attention several times in the course of these plays, it is worthy of remark that although we often find 'room' spelled *rome*, (see the Note on "That I have room with Rome," Vol. VI. p. 121,) we never, according to my observation, find 'Rome' spelled *Room*, or either word *rume* or *rum*. The pronunciation of the name of the seven-hilled city, *Room*, which prevailed on the stage, at the bar, and in the pulpit during the last century, I am inclined to class among the many elegant affectations of that period.

OU

Had the sound which it now has in 'house,' 'louse,' 'mouse,' or that which it has in 'rendezvous,' so that, when we hear an Irishman say, 'Bless me *sowl*,' we but hear the sounds that came from Spenser's or from Sidney's tongue. So also, I think, when he talks of 'a clergyman's *discoorse*,' or 'the *soorce* of me information;' for the *o* sound of *ou* appears to be of comparatively modern introduction.

OW.

This combination had much more generally than in the usage of the present day the pure or name sound of *o*.

Q.

This letter, with "its handmaid *u*," was pronounced like simple *k*, and often represented by it, in many words in which the full sound of the former combination is now heard. This was partly a consequence of that affectation of French pronunciation which Butler notices. I have little doubt that this pronunciation obtained in the following words: 'banquet,' 'quality,' 'quantity,' 'quay' (as now), 'quern,' 'quintain,' 'quoif,' 'quoil,' 'quoit,' 'quote,' and perhaps 'quart,' and 'quit.' See the Notes on, "And how quote you," &c., Vol. II. p. 185; "*qui, quæ, quod*," *Ibid.* p. 320; "qualm, perhaps," Vol. III. p. 472, and "sick of a calm," Vol. VI. p. 542.

S.

S before a vowel had often the sound of *sh*, as it has now in 'sugar' and 'sure.' Such was its sound in 'sue,' 'suit' and its compounds, and I believe in 'super' and its compounds, and

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in 'supine' and 'supreme.' Puns on 'suitor' and 'shooter' indicate this pronunciation. See the Note on "She that bears the bow," Vol. III. p. 460. *S* was also sometimes aspirated before *o* and *i;* of which, and of the *o* sound of *ew*, see phonographic evidence in the pronunciation of 'sewer,' which was pronounced *shore* in the Elizabethan era, and thence down to the beginning of the present century; as to which see Walker's Dictionary and Richardson's *in v.* Hence, too, 'shekels' was spelled *sickels:* both spellings expressed the same sound. See the Note on "fond shekels," Vol. III. p. 118, and that on "quare chirrah, not sirrah?" *Ibid.* p. 469.

TH.

According to the *jus et norma loquendi*, this combination of letters had two distinct, yet kindred sounds, which, or a modification of which, it preserves at the present day, the first in 'this,' the second in 'thin.' Ben Jonson (*English Grammar*, 1631, p. 51,) says, "*Th* hath a double, and doubtfull sound, which must be found out by use of speaking; sometimes like the Greeke θ as in 'thief,' 'thing,' 'lengthen,' 'strengthen,' 'loveth,' &c.; in others like their δ or the Spanish *d*, as 'this,' 'that,' 'then,' 'thence,' 'those,' 'bathe,' 'bequeath.'" And Butler, in his Grammar, (1633, p. 21,) says, "ð is an ancient Saxon letter, having a sound that no other letter or letters can express: wherefore it is marveil how this so necessary a letter, and so much used in our English tongue, was let slip; and *th*, having a different sound of its own, came to be admitted in his steed, as in these words, 'the,' 'this,' 'these,' 'that,' &c., or 'farther,' 'farthest,' 'murther,' to 'bathe,' &c., &c. But seeing there is now as much use of this letter as ever, it is just that he return, *quasi postlimino*, to his own right;" &c., &c.

"Þ is a letter of the same force and of as much use with us as ϑ with the Greekes. For as they say ϑαλαμος, ϑεος, ϑιτω, &c., so we say *thank*, *theft*, *thing*, *thorne*, *thumb*," &c.

Ben Jonson also says, (*ubi supra:*) "And in this consists the greatest difficultie of our alphabet, and true writing: since wee have lost the Saxon characters ð and þ that distinguished the 'thee,' 'thou, &c., from the 'thick,' 'thin,' &c."

This is the positive testimony as to the point in question. But positive testimony is sometimes of less value than circumstantial evidence; cross-questioning will often break down a

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seemingly credible witness, and yet oftener give a new significance to well-established facts, and reconcile apparent incongruities. Demonstration is always more to be relied upon than assertion. Mr. Hallam well says that in matters of criticism we must get in the habit of doubting positive testimony when the thing itself strongly asserts the contrary.

Now, the sound, or rather the mode of utterance, indicated by *t* is so invariable, and has been associated with it for so many ages, in so many languages, that its presence in a word leaves no doubt as to the purpose of the author: it is unmistakable. (See the introductory remarks to these memorandums.) But there is not the same certainty as to the sound of *th*. Even according to rule, it may have either the ð sound or the þ sound; and in some words we at this day give it the sound of *t*; 'Thames' and 'thyme,' for instance, which are pronounced *tames* (clipped in colloquy into *tems*) and *time*, and have been so pronounced for centuries. And J. Jones, M. D., in his *Practical Phonography*, 4to. London, 1701, says, (p. 106,) that "the sound of *t* is written as *th* in antheme, Anthony, apothecary, asthma, author, authority, authorize, Catharine, Cantharides, Esther, isthmus, Lithuania, Thames, Thannet, thea, Thomas, Thuscany, thyme, which are commonly sounded as without the *h*." In other languages with which our own has intimate connections, and whose modes of speech have had a direct influence upon ours, the aspirated sound of *th* is absolutely unknown.

When, therefore, we find certain words spelled indifferently, at the same period by the same authors, with *t* or *th*, the sound of the former being fixed and universal, what must be our conclusion? Instances in point are 'nosetrills' *nosethrills*, 'apothecary' *apotecary*, 'authority' *autority*, 'th'one' *tone*, 'th'other' *t'other*, 'thrill' *trill*, 'swarthy' *swarty*, 'fifth' *fift*, 'sixth' *sixt*, 'eighth' *eight*, 'Satan' *Sathan*, 'stalwart' *stalworth*, 'quoth' *quot*, *quote*, or *quod*. Instances of both spellings of these words are so common in books published at the period in question that citation is quite unnecessary. It is worth while, however, to bring forward the following somewhat more unusual examples of the spelling of words with *t* which were commonly even at that time spelled with *th*, or *vice versa*: "whats *tys* [this]?" twice in *Wyt and Science*, Shak. Soc., Ed. p. 21; "a *pytheous* [piteous] crye," *Robert the Devyll*, p. 6; "in golden *trone* [throne]," *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, 1581, f. 124, *Idem Ibidem*, f. 134, and f. 216 *b*:

"Th' one *autentique* [authentic]," Daniel's *Rosamond*, 1599, Sig. Cc 2; *Idem* in Drayton's *Owle*, 1619, p. 405; "How our religion is *autentical*," *Albion's England*, 1602, Sig. A 7 *b*; "*dept* [depth] of art," Browne's *Pastorals*, Vol. II. p. 52; "Be as a *cautherizing* [cauterizing]," *Timon of Athens*, Act. V. Sc. 1., Ed. 1623; "The *Thuskan* poet," Drayton's *Nymphidia*, 1627, p. 120; "With *amatists* [amethists]," *Arcadia*, 1605, p. 143; "Call you this *gamouth* [gamut]?" thus, four times, *Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. Sc. 1, 1623.

Notice, too, in the following proper names the use of *th* and and *t* interchangeably throughout our early literature; Japheth, *Japhet;* Bathseba, *Batseba;* Hittite, *Hithite;* Galatians, *Galathians;* Lot, *Loth;* Patmos, *Pathmos;* Sweden, *Swethen;* Gotham, *Goteham;* Goths, *Gotes;* Atalanta, *Athalanta;* Proteus, *Protheus;* Anthony, *Antony;* Antenor, *Anthenor;* and see in *Seneca's Ten Tragedies*, Hercules Œtœus and *Œtheus* used interchangeably.

But there is a small volume of less than two hundred pages published just at the close of the first half of the seventeenth century which affords us some very noteworthy evidence upon this question. It is *The Interpreter of the Acadamie for Forrain Languages and all Noble Sciences and Exercises.* By Sir Balthazar Gerbier, Knight. London, 1648, 4to. Its purpose is clearly and correctly indicated by its title; and in his preface the author says that fathers of families may address themselves "to Mr. William Kipp at Bednall-Green neere London, or unto Mr. Samuel Hartlib in Dukes place —" quite surely, I think, the Mr. Hartlib to whom Milton addressed his *Tractate of Education.* Gerbier, as the reader of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* knows, was a Flemish miniature painter; an inferior artist, but a successful courtier. His associations were with the highest-bred English people of his day; and he brought forward "various projects of high pretension connected with the arts and *belles-lettres.*" This book was written both in French and English; and the French and English versions were printed on opposite pages. By whomsoever the English translation was made, (and I think that it was by Gerbier himself, with the assistance of Kipp or Hartlib,) the maker intended to express with great particularity the English pronunciation of the day; and it specially became him to give the best. Thus, for instance, *lieutenant* on the French side, where it occurs several times, is always represented by *leftenant* on the English side. He

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used letters, too, according to their English, not their continental sound; a noticeable example of which is in the name of *Comte Jean de Nassau*, which he renders "Count John of *Nassow*."

In this singular book, which is printed with remarkable accuracy, we find words spelled with *th* in which we know there was only the sound of *t*, and, what is of equal importance, words written with *t* which were then, as now, according to received usage, spelled with *th*, and which have been hitherto supposed (as far as I know) to have been pronounced with the *ô* sound. E. g.: "and whereof wee doe celebrate the remembrance on the *With* Sundayes" ("*au jour de la Pentecoste*"), p. 25; "Lord open my mouth that my lips may *seth* forth thy prayse," p. 58; "which the Academy will *theach* in particulars," p. 66; "gives him *strencht* to resist," &c., p. 78; "who entertaine the *yought*," &c. ("*la jeunesse*"), p. 82; "the true *anathomie* thereoff," p. 94; "I have past my *yought* in combats," p. 121; "to bend under the *strenckt* of my arm," p. 122; "which is brought here at Paris at *fourthy* livres," p. 125; "more than *seventhy* two thousand soules," *Ib.*; "who pocesseth *seuentheen* kingdoms," p. 129; "nor is there any *dept* but it descends in it? It makes us to know the *hight*," &c., p. 141; "by the *sigth* of the most cleere *sigthed* among men," p. 161; "struck of a great *dept* in the Earth," p. 177; "*Rethoricke* hath ever been the art that serves to disguise things," p. 178; "but a good *braught* (*un bon potage*), good meate and foulle is put on the table," p. 182. I do not see how we can avoid accepting these spellings as evidence of the pronunciation of *th* at the time when they were written, and that the *h* was then silent at least in 'youth,' 'strength,' 'depth,' and 'broth,' as well as in those words in which, according to the testimony of Dr. Jones, it was not heard half a century later. The pronunciation had in mind by the writer seems as unmistakable in these cases as when he spelled 'lieutenant' *leftenant*, 'Nassau' *Nassow*, and (see the memorandum on *o*) 'one' *owne*, or as Marlowe's is, when, on one page of *Faustus*, he makes the Doctor call, —

> "Ho! Beli*mote*, Argiron, Aste*rote!*"
> *Old Plays*. Lond. 1814, p. 60.

and on another,

> "Aste*roth*, Beli*moth*, Mephostophilis!" *Ibid.* p. 64.

It may be worth while to refer the reader now to the remarks

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in Vol. III. p. 226–7 upon the pronunciation and double significance of the title of *Much Ado about Nothing*, of *Touchstone's* comparison of himself leading a pastoral life to "that most capricious [punning on *caper* = a goat] poet Ovid among the *Goths*," and of *Don Pedro's* jesting exclamation, "Note, notes, forsooth and *nothing!*" Let him also compare with the latter the following exclamation in soliloquy of *Autolycus*, (*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3,) "no hearing, no feeling, but, my sirs, *song* and the *nothing* of it," and discover, if he can, what this means if 'nothing' was not pronounced *noting*. Let him explain, too, if he can, the following passage (which no one has hitherto attempted to explain) in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 2:—

"*Armado.* —— but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

"*Moth.* It was so, sir, for she had a green wit."

except upon the theory that *th* was pronounced as *t*, and that the Page puns, and alludes to the green withes which Dalilah vainly used as bonds for Samson. And here compare Bergier's spelling "*With*-Sanday" noticed above, and conversely, the frequent spelling of the preposition 'with' *wit* in writings of an earlier date. And yet again, how we are to get at the joke in this not altogether printable passage in *Eastward Hoe* without giving *th* the sound in question?

"Come awaye Sinne; we shall as soone get a ***t from a dead man as a *farthing* of court'sie here." Act IV. Sc. 1.

But *th* occupies another apparently equivocal position in the writings of this period. It is used interchangeably with *d* in words like 'murder,' 'further,' 'fathom,' 'hundred,' 'tether,' 'quoth.' This must be so well known to every reader of our early literature that the citation of any of the many examples at my hand is needless; and I shall merely direct the reader's attention to the passage quoted from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, in Vol. VII. p. 120, where 'hundred' and 'hundreth' are used in the same paragraph, to these passages on opposite pages in *Albion's England*.

"One Banquho powrefulst of the Peers in popular affection
And prowesse great was *murthred* by his tyrannous direction."
Ed. 1606, p. 376.

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"But *murdred* is my father, and of him remains but me."
Ib. p. 377.

And to this line of *Titus Andronicus*, Act V. Sc. 2, in the folio of 1623: —

"Good *Murder* stab him, he's a *Murtherer*."

Now, did Sir Thomas Smith and William Warner pronounce *hundred* and *murther* in one breath, and *hundreth* and *murder* in the next, and did William Shakespeare pronounce *murder* and *murther* in one? I cannot believe it; but I do believe (to reach in a few words the conclusion of this too long Note) that in the Elizabethan era, and, measurably, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, *d*, *th*, and *t* were indiscriminately used to express a hardened and perhaps not uniform modification of the Anglo-Saxon ð; a sound like which we now hear in the French pronunciation of *meurtre*, and which has survived, with other pronunciations of the same period, in the Irish pronunciations of 'murder,' 'further,' 'after,' 'water,' &c., in all of which the sound is neither *d*, *th*, nor *t*. See the Note on the pronunciation of 'murther,' (Vol. III. p. 227,) which subjected the writer to the imputation in the *Atlantic Monthly* of having inconsistently said that that word had this pronunciation, merely "in order to sustain his anti *th* theory." And see, finally, the following phonographic evidence upon this point in books of the Elizabethan period: —

"And *afther* great extremity mishaps ay waxen less."
Romeus and Juliet, 1562, Ed. Collier, p. 44.

"Alas soverayn kinge Jesus Cryst that . . . hath shede *wather* and bloud fro your precious side."
Heylas Knight of the Swan, (about 1550,) Ed. Thoms, p. 38.

My memory assures me that evidence as to this particular point would accumulate upon my hands, had I time to give special attention to this subject. As to the mere hard pronunciation of *th*, I have not cited a tithe of the examples at my hand. (See the Notes on "th' one with th' other," Vol. III. p. 325, "note, notes, forsooth, and nothing," *Ib.* p. 327; "Enter Moth," *Ib.* p. 449; "which to annotanize," *Ib.* p. 459; "Peasblossom, Cobweb, Mote," &c., Vol. IV. p. 110; "Call'd Katharina," *Ib.* p. 492; "th' one to th' other," Vol. V. p. 119; "his company anatomiz'd," *Ib.* p. 137, and Vol. VI. p. 531; "Henry the Fift," Vol. VII. p. 119, and "that keep this dreadful pother," Vol. XI. p. 341.) Looking at the next memorandum,

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the reader will discover, if he does not already know, that *Bermoothes* (*The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2) and *Bermudas* are merely two ways of writing the same word, expressing the same sound.

U.

U, when not followed by *e*, had very commonly that sound (very unfitly indicated by *oo*) which it has in 'rude,' 'crude,' and the compounds of 'lude,' and of which the 'furni*toor*,' 'litera*toor*,' 'ma*toor*,' of old-fashioned, though not illiterate, New England folk is a remnant. Such phonographic spellings as the following, of which I have numerous memorandums, leave no doubt upon this point: 'ugly' *ougly*, 'gun' *goon*, 'run' *roon*, 'clung' *cloong*, 'spun' *spoon*, 'curl' *coorle*, and conversely, 'poop' *pup*, 'gloom' *glum*, 'gloomy' *glumy*. In *England's Parnassus*, 'bud,' 'blood,' 'cud,' 'flood,' 'good,' 'hood,' 'mud,' 'sud,' 'understood,' and 'wood,' are given as rhymes. Here, owing to the late date of the book in question, (1657,) the *oo* is of course no longer the prolonged *o*. See above under *OO*. (See the Notes on "Puck," Vol. IV. p. 101, and on "Fortune's mood," Vol. V. p. 143.)

URE.

That *ure* final was generally, if not universally, pronounced *er* among even the most polite and literate of our Elizabethan ancestors, no observant reader of the books of their day, or even those of the latter part of the seventeenth century, need be told. Milton himself spelled 'venture' *venter;* e. g., *Comus*, l. 228, 1673. In Hugh Jackson's *Garden of Eloquence*, Lond. 1577, a book on rhetoric, we have, "To care for *nurter* is love," Sig. q iii.; "a hope of *futer* diligence," Sig. Tiii.; and we find 'jointure' as often spelled *joynter*, as *jointure*. In *Honour's Academy*, 1610, Book II. p. 32, I notice 'torture' spelled *tortor;* in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I. Sec. 4, p. 274, Ed. 1621, "Prometheus . . . by a *vulter* devoured as poets faine" — a spelling as common as the orthographic one; and in *Albion's England*, Ed. 1602, p. 165, we have even the converse example of 'monster' spelled *monsture*. But the point is so indisputable, and the evidence upon it so obvious and unmistakable, that even thus much of illustration is superfluous. (See the Notes on "jointure," Vol. IV. p. 494, "roundure," Vol. VI. p. 112, and "wafture," Vol. X. p. 407.)

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Some readers may shrink from the conclusions to which the foregoing memorandums lead, because of the strangeness, and, as they will think, the uncouthness, of the pronunciation which they involve. They will imagine *Hamlet* exclaiming, —

> "—— a *baste* that wants *discoorse* of *rayson*
> Would *haive moorn'd* longer"!
>
> "O, *me* prophetic *sowl! me ooncle"!*
>
> "A broken voice, and his whole *foonction shooting*
> *Wit* forms to his *consayt*, and all for *noting"!*

and, overcome by the astonishing effect of the passages thus spoken, they will refuse to believe that they were ever thus pronounced out of Ireland. But let them suppose that such was the pronunciation of Shakespeare's day, and they must see that our orthoepy would have sounded as strange and laughable to our forefathers as theirs does to us. And as to the mutability of pronunciation, changes as great as those which are indicated in this monograph have taken place in many words within the memory of men yet living.* Pronunciation, in living languages, is ever shifting; and the usage of the most cultivated people is its only guide. And thus it is that though orthography may be simplified, phonography is an illogical, rude, and puerile device, which cannot be adopted in the advanced stages of any language.

* Apropos of recent changes, see the following passages in Boswell's Life of Johnson, which I had never read when the above memorandums were written. The Doctor speaks: — "When I published the Plan for my Dictionary, Lord Chesterfield told me that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rhyme with *state;* and Sir William Yonge sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *seat*, and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it *grait*. Now, here were two men of the highest rank, the one the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other the best speaker in the House of Commons differing entirely." This passage furnishes us, with an instance in which the introduction of a new pronunciation of one word, *greet* for 'great,' was checked, while an analogous change in another, 'seat,' prevailed. See the memorandum upon *EA*. I notice also in the same work (year 1776) that "the great lexicographer" pronounced 'punch' *poonch*, and that Garrick himself said *shupreme* and *shuperior*. (See the memorandums on *S* and *U*.)

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TABLE OF READINGS, &c.,

FIRST GIVEN IN THIS AMONG EDITIONS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF THE SOURCES WHENCE THEY ARE DERIVED.

THE following table indicates the textual points, and those relating to the history of the several plays, in which this edition differs from those which have preceded it in the present century; and also the sources of these readings, and the originators of these critical views. In certain cases the initials of the editor's name precede the date of a folio or a 4to. text. This signifies the restoration, or the establishment, of that reading, with a new exegesis.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Stan. 5.	p. 34.	"Passion on passion *doubly* is redoubled."	R. G. W.
Stan. 2.	p. 36.	"Some *twine* about her thigh."	R. G. W.

LUCRECE.

Stan. 1.	p. 73.	"Yet foul night *walking* cat." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
Stan. 4.	"	"*Mend* thy ill aim."	R. G. W.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

XIV.	p. 137.	"And set *her person forth to sell.*"	(R. G. W.), 1599.
"	p. 138.	"Think women *seek* to strive with men To sin and never for to saint; *Here* is no heaven: *be* holy then When time and age shall *thee* attaint."	R. G. W.

SONNETS.

XXII.	p. 164.	"Then look I death my days should *expirate.*"	R. G. W.
XXV.	p. 165.	"The valiant warrior famoused for *worth.*"	1609.
"	"	"Is from the book of honour razed *forth.*"	THEOBALD.

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LXII. p. 184.	"*Beaten* and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity."	R. G. W.
LXVI. p. 186.	"And strength by limping sway *disableëd*."	R. G. W.

THE TEMPEST.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"Bring her *to*: try *wi' th'* maincourse."	W. STORY.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"*Seb.* [Not *Ant.*] So you're paid."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"While Stephano breathes *at's* nostrils."	R. G. W.
"	"	The metrical form here and elsewhere of all of *Caliban's* speeches.	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Most busiest when I do it."	HOLT WHITE.
"	Sc. 3.	"We will take *throughly*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Each putter out *on* five for one."	THEOBALD.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"Come with a thought: I *thank thee, Ariel*."	1623.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Of these our dear *belov'd solémni-zed*."	1623.
Epilogue.		Not by Shakespeare.	R. G. W.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"*Nod-ay?* why, that's noddy."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 2.	"What '*fool* is she."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act II.	Sc. 3.	"O, that *shoe* could speak now like *an old* woman."	POPE, R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"I need not '*cite* him to it."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— makes other *worth as* nothing."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"There is a lady *of Verona* here."	R. G. W.
"	"	"She is not *to be fasting* in respect of her breath."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act V.	Sc. 4.	"Verona shall not hold thee."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Introduction.		The order and date of the production of the Falstaff plays, and the evidence of the hasty writing of the first sketch of this comedy.	R. G. W.
Act I.	Sc. 1.	"The salt fish is an old coat."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 2.	"Upon familiarity will grow more *content*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— my *bully-rock*."	R. G. W.

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Act I.	Sc. 3.	"—— she *carves*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"He hath studied her *well*, and translated her will."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"*Rugby*. Out, alas! here comes my master! [*Exit*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— a *green-a* box."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"You are John *Rugabie*," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"—— for the putting down of men."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— on his wife's *fidelity*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"I, *ay*, I myself."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Well, *one* Mistress Ford."	DOUCE.
Act III.	Sc. 3.	"—— the reek of a lime *kill*."	1623.
"	"	"—— *what* was in the basket."	RITSON.
"	Sc. 5.	"—— a *posset* of sack."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 5.	"Ay, sir, *like who* more bold."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act V.	Sc. 5.	"*Mrs. Quickly as the Fairy Queen*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Do not these *fairy oaks*."	R. G. W.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Introduction.		Period of the action.	R. G. W.
Act I.	Sc. 1.	"—— then no more remains But that to your sufficiency—as your worth is able— And let them work."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"Hold, therefore, Angelo, *our place and power*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"For *preservation* of a dower."	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"—— *where* now you censure him."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Come *we* to what was done."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— after three pence a *day*."	HALLIWELL, R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"Admit no other way to save his life, (As I subscribe not that, nor any other,) But—in the loss of question—that you," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Servile to all the skyey influences That *dost*," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— the corrupt deputy *foiled*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"Free from our faults as *from faults* seeming free."	R. G. W.

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Act III.	Sc. 2.	The speech "He who the sword," &c., not Shakespeare's.	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	The first stanza of the song, "Take, O, take those lips away," by Shakespeare; the second by Fletcher.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Happely* You something know."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— *dye* the beard."	HEATH.
"	Sc. 4.	"Yet reason dares her *on*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— bears *up* a credent bulk."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"—— yield *forth to you* public thanks."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Hark how the villain would *gloze* now."	R. G. W.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Introduction.		The manner and time of the production of the play.	R. G. W.
Act I.	Sc. 1.	"Both by the *Syracusians*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"A *meaner* woman."	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 2.	"Nay, not sure in a thing *falling*."	HEATH.
"	"	"—— namely, *is* no time to recover hair."	R. G. W.
"	"	"I live distain'd, thou *one* dishonoured."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Want wit in all, one word," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623
"	"	"—— thy *forced* fallacy."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— goblins, *owles*, *elves*, and sprights."	Col. fol. 1632, R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"—— arm'd and *revolted* making war," &c.	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 3.	"—— the man, sir, that . . . gives them a *stop*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— expect spoon-meat *and* bespeak a long spoon."	R. G. W
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"My heavy burthen *here* delivered."	R. G. W

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Introduction.		That the motive of the play is much ado about *noting*; and that its name was accordingly pronounced:—"nothing" having been pronounced *noting* in Shakespeare's day.	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"—— a hair *off* the great Cham's beard."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— *this* Lady Tongue."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

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Act II.	Sc. 1.	"—— *th'* one with *th'* other," (and *passim.*)	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"It were a *bitter* death to die with mocks."	(R. G. W.), 1632.
"	Sc. 5.	"All thy tediousness on me, *ah?*"	1623.
"	"	"—— we are now to *examine those* men."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"For I have only *silent been* so long."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— a goodly *count*—*confect.*"	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Conrade.* Let them be, in the hands of coxcomb."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"And, *sorrow's wag*, cry hem."	R. G. W.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"—— a little *Academe.*"	1623.
"	"	"You three, *Birone.*"	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— but *bankerout* the wits."	1623.
"	"	"That were to climb the *house o'er*," &c.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	*Mote* (not Moth), the name of the page.	R. G. W.
"	"	"I shall turn *sonnets.*"	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"*In arts well fitted*, glorious," &c. (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	"	"The heir of Alençon, *Katherine.*"	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"By turning up your *eye.*"	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"Which to *annotanize.*"	KNIGHT, R. G. W.
"	"	"—— o' th' *to* side."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"—— to humour the ignorant, *call* the deer."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— and so say I, and *ay* the fool."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— it kills me, *ay* a sheep."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 2.	"So *persaunt* like, I would o'er-sway his state."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— but to *pursent* one man."	R. G. W.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Introduction.		Shakespeare the first to bring fairies upon the stage, and to call Robin Goodfellow Puck or Hobgoblin. This comedy probably one of its author's early works.	R. G. W.
Act I.	Sc. 1.	"Or else it stood upon the choice of *merit.*"	1623.
"	"	"To do observance *for* a morn of May."	1623.
"	"	"Demetrius loves *you* fair."	1623.

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Act I.	Sc. 2.	"—— the Duke and *the* Duchess."	1623.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"Swifter than the *moony* sphere."	R. G. W.
"	"	"From *Perigouna*, whom he ravish'd."	R. G. W.
"	"	"The *chiding* Autumn." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"So that but one heart can *you* make of it."	1623.
"	"	"*Ay* me, for pity."	1623.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Peas-blossom! Cobweb! *Mote!* and Mustard-seed!"	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Or in the night," &c. This couplet spurious.	R. G. W.
"	"	"Now is the *moral* down," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"This cherry *nip*." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Though* the house give glimmering light."	R. G. W.
"	"	"And the owner of it, blest, Ever shall in safety rest." } Transposition.	C. R. W.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act I.	Sc. 3.	"—— *land*-thieves and *water*-thieves."	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 2.	"Talk you of young Master Launcelot."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 5.	"Will be worth a *Jewes* eye."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"—— with *much* more dismay."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"Thy *plainness* moves me."	WARBURTON.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"Be *valued* against your wives' commandment."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"*And* by these blessed candles."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"I'll have *the* Doctor."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"In lieu of *thee*."	R. G. W.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"*No hath* not?"	REV. W. R. ARROWSMITH.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	"*They sing him home*." (Stage direction.)	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"Under *an oak* whose boughs," &c.	R. G. W.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Introduction.		Three hands traceable in it. The old *Taming of a Shrew* probably written by Greene, Marlowe, and, perhaps, Shakespeare.	R. G. W.
Induct.	Sc. 1.	"(Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd.)"	R. G. W.

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Induct.	Sc. 1.	"And when he says he *is*, say that he dreams."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"Old John Naps *o' th' Green*."	ANON.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"Make friends *invited*."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	The division of the folio preserves the unity of dramatic interest.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"So honour *'peareth*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"And, *happely*, we might be interrupted."	R. G. W.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"—— within *one* year will make itself two."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*You're loved*, sir."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 3.	"Isabel, *your* woman, and I."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— but *for* every blazing star."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 5.	"*I write*, good creature, wheresoe'er she is," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 6.	"2 *Lord*. I must go look to my twigs."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	"If I should swear by *Love's* great attributes, ... To swear by him, *when* I protest to Love."	R. G. W.
"	"	"I see that men make *rope's* in such a *scarre*."	1623.
"	"	"He *has* sworn to marry me."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— by *our* General's looks."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"—— yet I *pay* you But with the word."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— and time *invites* us."	JOHNSON.
Act V.	Sc. 3.	"—— and *towl* him."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"—— and those poor number *saved* with you."	1623.
"	Sc. 4.	"—— as the maiden's organ, shrill *in* sound."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 5.	"—— that's as much *as to say*."	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 5.	"—— though our silence be drawn from us with *cords*."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"—— the King *lives* by a beggar."	R. G. W.
"	"	"But wise men's folly *shewn*, quite *taints* their wit."	HANMER.
"	Sc. 4.	"*My* yellow stockings."	W. N. LETTSOM.

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Act III.	Sc. 4.	"—— and *to* exceeding good sense."	1623.
"	"	"—— for 's *oath* sake."	1623.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"—— this great *lubberly word* will prove a cockney."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"—— and a *passy measures paynim*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"That may blow," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— a lady's *verily's*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— *it's* folly, *it's* tenderness, and make *it* self."	1623.
"	"	"Swear *this*, *though*, over."	THEOBALD.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"Who *taught* ' *this*?"	1623.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— and *beseech* '."	1623.
"	"	"—— to *it* own protection."	1623.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"—— in *it* most innocent mouth."	1623.
"	Sc. 3.	"A *god* or a child, I wonder."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Chorus.	Not Shakespeare's.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"Reason my son should choose."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"*Far'r* than Deucalion."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— the rear 'f our birth."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"(Where we offenders now.)"	R. G. W.
"	"	"The mantle of Queen *Hermione's*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

KING JOHN.

Act II.	Sc. 1.	"And *his* is Geoffrey's."	MASON.
"	"	"As great Alcides' *shews*."	THEOBALD.
"	"	"—— go to *it* grandam."	1623.
"	"	"'Tis not the *roundure*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Our *thunders* from the South."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Of Louis the *Dolphin*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"Lest zeal, now melted," &c. [Punctuation.]	R. G. W.
"	"	"This *widow'd* lady."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	[Division of the Act.]	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act III.	Sc. 3.	"Of hoarding abbots; *set at liberty Imprison'd angels*."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	Scene. "Canterbury."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"—— 'twixt two dreadful battles *sent*."	THEOBALD.

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Act V.	Sc. 4.	"*Untread* the rude *way* of rebellion."	THEOBALD.
"	Sc. 7.	"—— and his *poor* brain."	R. G. W.

KING RICHARD II.

Act I.	Sc. 3.	"—— to *become passionate.*"	R. G. W.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"An Apartment of Prince Henry's." [Stage direction.]	THEOBALD.
"		"Which thou *wouldest* truly know."—So "*shouldest.*"	1623.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"—— with *cap'ring* fools."	1598.
"	"	"The which if *I perform and do survive.*"	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act V.	Sc. 2.	"—— so wild *a* liberty."	1598, 1599.
"	Sc. 4.	"—— If I do grow great *again.*"	1623.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"—— a kind of *lethargy, a sleeping.*"	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"It hath *it* original."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"A hundred mark is a long *ow'n'.*"	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— swell'd up unto his height."	1623.
"	Sc. 4.	"—— Down! down, dogs! down, *Fates!*"	1623.
"	"	"*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.*"	1623
"	"	"—— to *gloze* with us."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"—— the *overswitch'd* huswives."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"He doth unfasten *too,*" &c.	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 2.	"—— and *God* save your Majesty."	(R. G. W.), 1600.
Epilogue.		Not written by Shakespeare.	1600.

KING HENRY V.

Act II.	Sc. 3.	"And so *up'ard* and *up'ard.*"	1623.
Act V.	Chorus.	"The *Emperor* coming," &c.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Enter . . . Clarence.*"	1623.

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FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"*Dead March. Enter the Funeral,*" *&c.*	1623.
Act V.	Sc. 3.	"—— and makes the senses *crouch.*"	HANMER.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"And *had* his Highness in his infancy."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"The lives of those," &c.	R. G. W.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"Or wounded *dangerously.*"	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"A *woman-general!* what should we fear?"	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"We *budg'd* again."	JOHNSON.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Shall *'by* this treason."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"—— like a *clamour* in a vault."	(R. G. W.), 1595.
"	Sc. 7.	"*Queen.* Thanks, noble Clarence."	R. G. W.

KING RICHARD III.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"—— to *wolves, to* spiders, toads."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"The *better* for the King of Heaven," &c.	1623.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— with quick and merry *eyes.*"	1623.
"	"	"Who *is it* that complains?"	1623.
"	"	"Makes him to send; that he may learn the ground Of your ill will, and so remove it."	1597, 1623.
"	"	"*And* little joy enjoys," &c.	R. G. W.
"	"	"If not that I *am* Queen."	1623.
"	Sc. 4	"*Enter Clarence and Keeper.*"	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"I'll not meddle with it; it *makes a man a coward.*"	1623.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"And now in peace my soul shall part *for* heaven."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Here comes *Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.*"	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"Of you, *Lord Rivers, and, Dorset, of you.*" (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Where it *think'st* best."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

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Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Chop off his head, man;—some*thing* we will *determine*."	1623.
"	Sc. 3.	"—— the hour of death is *expirate*."	STEEVENS.
"	Sc. 4.	"I did scorn it and *disdain* to fly."	1623.
"	Sc. 7.	"—— True *ornament* to know," &c.	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"To greet the tender *Princes*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"*No why?*"	1623.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Enter Richard crowned*," *&c.*	1623.
"	Sc. 4.	"*Match'd* not the high perfection."	1623.
"	"	"Think that thy babes were *sweeter* than they were."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— though what they *will* impart."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"—— she cannot choose but *love* thee."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"And she shall be sole *victoress*," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?"	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 5.	"That in the sty of the most *deadly* boar."	1623.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Salisbury—*The Market Place*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"*K. Rich.* Catesby!— *Cate.* My lord?"	(R. G. W.), 4tos.
"	"	"I'll strive, *troubled with noise*, to take a nap."	R. G. W.
"	"	"O Ratcliff! I have dreamed a fearful dream. *Methought the souls*," &c. (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"All this divided York and Lancaster. *Divided in their dire division,* *O, now, let Richmond*," &c.	R. G. W.

KING HENRY VIII.

Act II.	Sc. 1.	"Shall *mark* my grave."	WARBURTON.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Gave* their free voices."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"—— *that am* true, and will be."	R. G. W.
"	"	"The tender leaves of *hopes*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	"—— he stepped before me *happely*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Beside that of the Jewel-house, *is* made Master."	(R. G. W.), 1623.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act I.	Sc. 3.	"With due observance of thy *godly* seat."	1623.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"—— were not that a botchy *corps*?"	R. G. W.

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Act III.	Sc. 1.	"—— I *shew* more craft than wit."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"We'll *but* commend what we intend to sell."	R. G. W
"	Sc. 4.	"*They're* loving, well compos'd with *gifts* of nature, Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise."	R. G. W
"	Sc. 5.	"That give *accosting* welcome."	MASON.
Act V.	Sc. 9.	"Pleas'd with this dainty *bait*," &c.	1609.

CORIOLANUS.

Act I.	Sc. 9.	"*Thoud'st* not believe thy deeds."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"The *Nobles* and the *Commons*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Which often;* thus correcting," &c.	R. G. W.
"	"	"That will not hold the handling, *say to them*."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 5.	"Like a bold flood *o'er bear 't*."	JACKSON.
"	"	"—— but a greater soldier than he you wot *on*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 6.	"His remedies are tame. *The present peace* And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry, *here do make* his friend."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Unless *in's* noble mother."	STEEVENS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these *aims*."	R. G. W
Act IV.	Sc. 3.	"*Happely* you may find her."	(R. G. W.), 1600
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Even when their *sorrow* almost *was* forgot."	R. G. W.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"—— then turn tears to *fire*."	1599.
"	Sc. 5.	"Her *beauty* hangs upon the cheek of night."	(R. G. W.), 1632.
"	"	"—— let lips do what hands do: They pray."	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"He jests at scars," &c. [New arrangement of Scene.]	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"Her vestal livery is *pale* and green."	(R. G. W.), 1597.
"	"	"Thou art thyself, though not a Montague."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"*Rom.* Here's goodly gear! — A sail! a sail! *Mer.* Two, two; a shirt and a smock."	(R. G. W.), 1599.

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Act II.	Sc. 4.	"*Warrant* thee."	1623.
"	Sc. 5.	"But old folks, *marry*, *fare* as they were dead."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"If I may trust the flattering *sooth* of sleep."	R. G. W.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act III.	Sc. 1.	"This slave, unto his honour, has," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 4.	"Lucullus and Sempronius: *Ventidius*, all."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 5.	"*I* say, my lords."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 6.	"Of man and beast the *infectious* malady." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"—— but *withal*, I am, sir."	R. G. W.
"	"	"If you do find them deck'd with *ceremony*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"*Calpurnia*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— the rabblement *shouted*."	HANMER.
"	Sc. 3.	"And *case* yourself in wonder."	R. G. W.
"	"	"Why old men *fool*, and children calculate."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"Our arms, in *strength of malice*."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"A curse shall light upon the *sons* of men." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	"*Lucius*, do you the like, ... *Lucilius* and Titinius," &c.	CRAIK.
"	Sc. 3.	"Wherein my *letter* . . . *was* slighted off."	R. G. W.

MACBETH.

Act I.	Sc. 7.	"If 'twere *done* when 'tis *done*, then 'twere well."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"That which hath made them drunk," &c. [Arrangement of Scene.]	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 4.	"If trembling I *inhabit*, then protest."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"The natural ruby of your *cheek*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"There's not a *man* of them."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"But no more *sprites*."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 7.	"I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's *peers*."	ROWE.

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HAMLET.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"And carriage of the *article's* design."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"—— and one *drooping* eye."	R. G. W.
"	"	"It lifted up *it* head."	1604, 1623.
"	"	"—— our *duties* to your honour."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 3.	"The *sanity* and health of *the* whole State."	R. G. W.
"	"	"—— in his *peculiar sect* and *place*."	R. G. W.
"	"	"*Are most* select and *generous in* that."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 1.	"The courtier's, *scholar's*, *soldier's* eye," &c.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"—— nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or *Turk*."	1603.
"	"	"—— *'fore* I'll have a suit of sables."	WARBURTON.
"	"	"A whole one, *ay*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 4.	"—— who all sense doth eat Of *habit's evil*."	THIRLBY.
Act IV.	Sc. 5.	"[*Aside.*] 'Twere good she were spoken with."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"—— how abhorred my *imagination* is."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 2.	"And stand a *cement* 'tween their amities."	HANMER.
"	"	"Things standing thus unknown shall *leave* behind me."	(R. G. W.), 1603, 1604.

KING LEAR.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"*Sir*, I am made of that self metal."	1608.
"	Sc. 4.	"*Kent.* This is nothing, Fool."	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	"	"*And* do thou for him stand."	R. G. W.
"	"	"That it had *it* head bit off by *it* young."	1608, 1623.
"	"	"Hear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!"	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 2.	"——'And shall find time'— 'From this enormous state'—'Seeking to give Losses their remedies'—All weary," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.
"	Sc. 4.	"—— give me that *patience* I need."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 6.	"—— corruption in the *palace*."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 3.	"And *clamour*-moistened," &c.	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 6.	"—— To say ay and no to every thing that I said ay and no to, was no good divinity."	R. G. W. (?)
"	"	"What! with *this case* of eyes?"	ROWE.

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Act V.	Sc. 3.	"If more, the more thou *then* hast *wronged* me." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	"	"This is a dull *light*."	R. G. W.

OTHELLO.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"(A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *wise*.)"	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"Traitors *enscarp'd*," &c.	R. G. W
"	Sc. 3.	"Hold, *hold!* the General speaks to you: for shame."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 3.	"—— and *of* my jealousy *Shape* faults that are not."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	"I should make very forges of *thy* cheeks." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 2.	"Put out the light, and then put out," &c.	(R. G. W.), 1623.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act I.	Sc. 4.	"An *arm-girt* steed."	HEATH.
		('*rampant*' suggested.)	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 2.	"—— 'Tis *nobly* spoken."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 5.	"That art *but* what thou'rt sure of."	R. G. W.
Act III.	Sc. 7.	"If not, *denounce* 't against us."	R. G. W
"	Sc. 10.	"To *the* grand sea."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 11.	"Have *prick'd* his *Captainship*." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	"	"To lay his gay *caparisons* apart."	R. G. W.
"	"	"And answer me, *sword against sword decline'd*." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 10.	"—— *Ascend we then* Where their appointment," &c.	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"Or *look'd* on thine."	R. G. W.

CYMBELINE.

Act I.	Sc. 1.	"—— who did *gain* his honour Against the Romans," &c.	R. G. W.
"	"	"And *cere* up my embracements from a next With *bands* of death."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"While sense can keep *it own*." (Suggested.)	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 5.	"—— her adorer *and* her friend."	R. G. W.

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Act I.	Sc. 5.	"—— and, to bar your offence *hereinto*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 6.	"Should he make *thee* Live like Diana's priest ——?"	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 7.	"What, dear sir, Thus *wraps* you?"	R. G. W.
Act II.	Sc. 3.	"Fools *cure* not mad folks."	WARBURTON.
Act III.	Sc. 2.	"Justice . . . could not *be cruel* to me *so as* you, O the dearest of creatures."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 1.	"For *th' effect* of judgment."	R. G. W.

PERICLES.

Act II.	Gower.	"Thinks all is writ he *speken* can."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"These cates resist me, *she but* thought upon."	MASON.
Act III.	Chor.	"*E'er* the blither for their drouth."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 2.	"And *all-to* topple."	R. G. W.
Act IV.	Sc. 2.	"Ay to *a leaven*."	R. G. W.
"	Sc. 5.	"*Bawd.* [Not *Boult.*] For flesh and blood," &c.	R. G. W
"	"	"*Bawd.* [Not *Boult.*] O, sir, I can be modest."	R. G. W.
Act V.	Sc. 2.	"What means the *nun*?"	COLLIER, R. G. W.

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TABLE OF CORRUPTED READINGS,

NO RESTORATION OF WHICH IS ATTEMPTED IN THE TEXT OF THIS EDITION, AND OF PASSAGES THE PURITY OF WHICH IS DOUBTFUL.

[Those passages in which corruption is only suspected are indicated by an interrogation mark (?).]

LUCRECE.

Stan. 1, p. 73. "Yet foul night-waking cat."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act III. Sc. 1. "*Concolinel.*"

Act IV. Sc. 1. "To see him kiss his, hand," &c. [A line lost, perhaps.] (?)

" Sc. 3. "The hue of dungeons and the schoole of night." (?)

" " "And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make Heaven drowsy," &c. (?)

Act V. Sc. 1. "I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy." (?)

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act II. Sc. 1. "The human mortals want their winter here."

Act V. Sc. 1. "That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow." (?)

" " "These lily lips." (?)

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act III. Sc. 3. "—— hornes even so poore men alone." (?)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I. Sc. 1. "Not my virginity yet," &c. [Hiatus.]

Act II. Sc. 2. "The fellow has a deal of that too much," &c. (?)

Act IV. Sc. 2. "I see that men make ropes in such a scarre."

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

Act II. Sc. 1. "I would land-damn him." (?)

KING HENRY V.

Act II. Chorus. "Th' abuse of distance: force a play."

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Act I. Sc. 4. "And even these three days have I watch'd," &c.
Act V. Sc. 3. "Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch." (?)

KING RICHARD III.

Act II. Sc. 1. "Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset."

KING HENRY VIII.

Act V. Sc. 3. "Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act I. Sc. 3. "And flies fled under shade." (?)
Act III. Sc. 2. "—— let all constant men be Troiluses." (?)
Act IV. Sc. 4. "I'll answer to my lust." (?)
Act V. Sc. 1. "—— such preposterous discoveries." (?)
" Sc. 3. "—— the captive Grecians fall." (?)

CORIOLANUS.

Act I. Sc. 2. "At Grecian swords contending." (?)
" Sc. 9. "Let them be made an overture," &c. (?)
Act II. Sc. 3. "Why in this wolvish gown?" (?)
Act III. Sc. 2. "I have a heart as little apt as yours." [Line missing?]
" Sc. 3. "And to have his worth of contradiction." (?)
Act V. Sc. 1. "Bound with an oath to yield," &c.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Act II. Sc. 5. "Which that sweet tongue hath made."
Act V. Sc. 3. "—— give me aim a while." (?)

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act III. Sc. 5. "God's bread! it makes me mad."

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act I. Sc. 1. "In a wide sea of wax." (?)
" " "Therefore he will be Timon."
" " "That I had no angry wit to be a lord."
" Sc. 2. "Much good dich thy good heart." (?)
Act II. Sc. 2. "—— nor resumes no care." (?)
" " "—— Never mind
Was to be so unwise," &c. (?)
Act III. Sc. 3. "He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents." (?)
" " "—— that I should purchase the day before for a little part." (?)
" Sc. 6. "Of man and beast the infinite malady." (?)
Act IV. Sc. 3. "And to make whores a bawd." (?)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act II. Sc. 1. "For if thou path thy native visage on."
Act IV. Sc. 3. "Impatient of my absence." (?)

MACBETH.

Act I. Sc. 2. "So they doubly redoubled strokes," &c. (?)
Act II. Sc. 1. "If you shall cleave to my consent." (?)
Act III. Sc. 2. "Unsafe the while that we must lave." (?)
Act V. Sc. 4. "For where there is advantage to be given." (?)

HAMLET.

Act I. Sc. 1. "As stars with trains of fire."
" Sc. 4. "—— the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt."
Act V. Sc. 1. "Woo't drink up Esill?" (?)
" Sc. 2. "—— a kind of yesty collection which carries them through," &c.

KING LEAR.

Act I. Sc. 1. "Hath been out nine years, and away," &c. (?)

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OTHELLO.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"—— and my demerits may speak unbonneted." (?)
"	Sc. 3.	"Nor to comply with heat the young affects In my defunct and proper satisfaction."
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"Does tire the ingeny." (?)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act I.	Sc. 4.	"As we rate boys, who being mature in knowledge."
Act II.	Sc. 7.	"Possess it; I'll make answer." (?)
Act III.	Sc. 10.	"—— add more, From thine invention, offers." (?)
Act IV.	Sc. 9.	"Demurely wake the sleepers." (?)
	Sc. 12.	"Lo, thee." (?)
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"—— the round world should have shook Lions into civil streets." (?)

CYMBELINE.

Act V.	Sc. 1.	"To second ills with ills, each ill the worse." (?)
"	Sc. 5.	"Think that you are upon a rock."

PERICLES.

Act I.	Sc. 2.	"Are arms to princes," &c.
Act II.	Sc. 1.	"May see, the sea," &c.
"	"	"—— deal for his wife's soul."
"	Sc. 4.	"When he was seated in a chariot," &c.
Act V.	Sc. 1.	"—— and are no fairy? Motion?—Well, speak on." (?)

Corrupted readings.	25
Doubtful readings.	44
Total.	69

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